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AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF ROYALTY: LITTLE PRINCESS ELIZABETH BEING CARRIED IN HER PERAMBULATOR UP THE STEPS OF BALMORAL CASTLE AFTER ATTENDING THE CHARITY FÊTE IN THE GROUNDS.

Princess Elizabeth, the little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, was a great centre of attraction at the fête held in the grounds of Balmoral Castle, on September 10, in aid of Crathie Parish Hall. She was in her perambulator, in charge of her nurse, and for some time was stationed behind the stall where her parents and the Queen were helping with the sales, and amused herself with a

dancing doll and other toys. At other times she was being wheeled about the grounds, and, as seen in our photographs on page 445, the King took great interest in his little granddaughter. Here she is seen being carried—perambulator and all—up the steps of the Castle, when it was time for her to go in. The little Princess is now about seventeen months old, having been born on April 21, 1926.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the debate about past and present, to which I have referred in connection with Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. J. D. Beresford, it would be easier to believe in the current condemnation of the bad old times if the examples given were not so very stale and hackneyed. It is the same with older things, like the quarrel of religion and science. We can always glance down a leading article with the absolute certainty of seeing somewhere the name of Galileo. One would think there had never been any other investigators or any other inquisitors. If I were to say that Etienne Dolet was burned at the stake for a mistranslation of Plato, that would make a much better story—or, rather, a much worse story. It would be, perhaps, an exaggerated story, but not simply an untrue story, like that very widespread popular impression that Galileo was burned or tortured. But these hackneyed historical examples seem to be the chief outcome of popular education at present, especially in the controversies in the newspapers.

But in the other case, which concerns more recent things, there is another variety of the same monotony. Certain particular abuses or bad customs are always mentioned. They are mentioned mechanically, and without imagination and without reference to any of the rest. The staleness of these stock examples has nothing immediately to do with the truth or falsehood of what they are supposed to exemplify. Generally speaking, men seem to mean by the bad old times a period which I should be the very last to hold up to admiration. They seem to mean a time somewhere about a hundred years ago, the moment which was the meeting-point of so many evil forces; when all that was best in the old religion had died out; when all the worst in the old feudalism had been changed and renewed in the form of squirearchy; and on top of all that the industrial revolution made a new bitterness between rich and poor. Capitalism had already begun, while aristocracy was still only decaying before its death. It was perhaps the most godless time in our island story, and I should not dream of identifying it with the good old days. But even about those bad old days I get very bored with the same bad old stories. I do not understand why those condemning the past always mention certain facts and not others, and generally in the same form of words. It is as if that form of words were kept permanently in a solid block of type, like the name of poor old Galileo.

For instance, why does the journalist always say that in those bad times boys were made to climb up chimneys—when there really was a much rougher treatment of boys, and they must have been made to do other things they would dislike much more. I am very glad that boys are no longer made to climb up chimneys; but it does not seem to me to stand out in this isolated iniquity from other old-fashioned things. I can in certain conditions imagine a boy wanting to climb a chimney, as I can imagine him wanting to climb a tree. It would be very uncomfortable; but, if it were in any ordinary sense possible, the discomforts would be no greater than those that boys often impose on themselves in going after some wild creature or exploring some hole or corner. I can even imagine that coming out on the open sky and the steep roofs might have a romantic thrill. But then these critics are like the Giant Pickleson in Dickens, who "never could imagine nothing and was monotonous company." I can more easily imagine a boy liking to

climb a chimney with the sky at the top than a boy liking to crawl on all fours and drag a truck through a long dark tunnel without even daylight at the end. And that was the general condition of children in the mines and factories which were then regarded as the latest word in science and the chief hope of the future. I am not defending either one thing or the other. I am not saying that two black chimney-sweeps make a white. I am not (as some will doubtless declare) proposing to start a movement for going up the chimney, a mediæval guild of chimney-sweeps with St. Nicholas for a patron saint, because Santa Claus came down the chimney.

never the same social good sense as in the case of the sheep. The critics have actually selected one of the most defensible examples and failed to find any of the others. It was a bad thing to hang a man for stealing a sheep; but it was the remains of what had once been a good thing: the more direct and distributed sense of private property. A knowledge of real shepherds, as they still are when they keep sheep on the Scottish hills or the English moors, will show a certain state of mind which still regards sheep rather as the riders of the old Wild West regarded horses. They thought nothing in that new democracy of hanging a man on a tree for horse-stealing; and there is a strain or tradition in the shepherds which might very well have led them, if they were left to themselves, in the direction of hanging a man for sheep-stealing. It is a certain state of mind that always rises in a certain state of things, when an object is felt vividly and even fiercely to be the lawful right of somebody, but yet the object is rather wandering and incalculable and lives in a world without sufficiently clear boundaries. The owner of a compact villa and garden must imagine a world in which his hedges ran away from him, in which his trees and chimneys were liable to wander, and in which his own front door went for a stroll down the street. He must imagine something like that; but it is only too probable that he also suffers from the complaint of the Giant Pickleson.

Laws of this sort were very rightly abolished, largely under the pressure of the practical and sensible argument that a man would as soon be hung for a sheep as a lamb. But the science of criminology is still very vague, like most things that are merely practical, not to say pragmatist. People seldom steal sheep, because they seldom see sheep, and still more infrequently own sheep. The question has become entirely one of stealing not a lamb but a leg of mutton. But there has gone along with the change a whole growth of new theories of preventive science and indeterminate detention, which may land the man stealing the leg of mutton in any sort of asylum for any sort of period. The leg of mutton assumes a sort of frightful and Freudian significance as a symbol. The desire for a leg of mutton may be held to connote all sorts of secret and hitherto suppressed crimes. The old thief would as soon be hung for a sheep as hung for a lamb; and I would as soon be hung for a sheep as locked up for a lunatic, incapable of controlling his appetite for legs of lamb. And when all citizens become merely patients under that psychological treatment, it will be sufficiently shown that not all the mutton-heads in the world are quadrupeds, and that not every sheep walks about on four legs of mutton.

But I have only taken at random two of the stale and stereotyped examples that are always repeated in these discussions without any imagination either in the selection or the realisation. Nobody even speculates for an idle moment about how mountaineers feel about flocks or boys about climbing. These are the two stock or standard instances in support of a certain idea, repeated without any real consideration of the idea itself. To object to this sort of classification by *clichés* is not to be a reactionary or to have any desire to go about hanging sheep-stealers or bullying chimney-sweeps. It is only to have a very strong desire to wake up woolly-headed people who are as docile as any sheep, and to let in a little daylight on those who are quite as much in the dark as the chimney-sweep in the narrowest chimney.



AN AMERICAN WOMAN WRITER WHOSE OUTSPOKEN BOOK ON INDIAN LIFE HAS MADE A PROFOUND SENSATION: MISS KATHERINE MAYO, AUTHOR OF "MOTHER INDIA," WITH DR. HEISER (RIGHT) AND CAPTAIN FIELD.

Miss Katherine Mayo's recently published book, "Mother India" (Jonathan Cape, Ltd.), has made a great stir by its outspoken indictment of certain evils, to which she ascribes the inertia and lack of vitality in the vast native population. She particularly denounces the deplorable effects of early marriage on young girls, and the causes of premature senility among Indian men. In our photograph she is seen with Dr. Victor George Heiser, a noted hygienist, Director for the East of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. To Captain Harry Hubert Field (seen on the left) she expresses deep indebtedness in the preface to her book.

I do not propose to black my face; and my friends will be relieved to hear that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of my climbing a chimney. But I confess I would rather climb my own domestic chimney inside than climb a factory chimney outside, as many modern workmen have to do. I only remark on the repetition of this particular phrase about a particular detail, which hundreds of people seem to have copied from each other, without a single one of them looking at it for himself.

The same sort of tag, repeated the same number of times, is the statement that a man was hanged for stealing a sheep. As a matter of fact, he was hanged for all sorts of things about which there was

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN THE HIGHLANDS: BRAEMAR; A BALMORAL FÊTE.



THE MARCH PAST OF THE CLASMEN AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING, WHEN THE KING TOOK THE SALUTE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT HIGHLAND MEETING ATTENDED BY 20,000 SPECTATORS.



THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: THE KING SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN, AND THE QUEEN ALIGHTING FROM THE CARRIAGE.



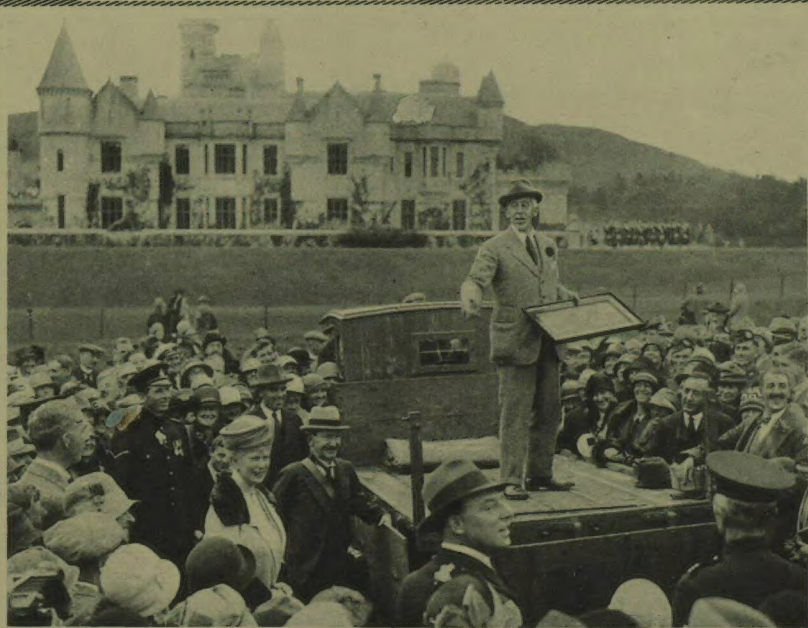
VETERANS WHO HAVE ATTENDED THE GATHERING 47 AND 61 YEARS: (L. TO R.) A. G. CUMMING (DUFFS) AND SANDY MACINTOSH (FARQUHARSONS).



THE KING AMUSING PRINCESS ELIZABETH (IN PERAMBULATOR). THE DUCHESS OF YORK (NEXT), AND (L. TO R.) THE DUKE AND PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: A BALMORAL GROUP.



THE KING AND HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: A CHARMING SNAPSHOT OF HIS MAJESTY WITH THE DUCHESS OF YORK, AT BALMORAL.



THE KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE AUCTIONS A UNIQUE PICTURE: SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY SELLING MR. CHURCHILL'S WORK AT THE BALMORAL FÊTE, WITH THE QUEEN (LEFT) AMONG THE AMUSED AUDIENCE.



THE KING POINTING OUT THE WAY FOR THE NURSE WHEELING THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S BABY, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IN HER PERAMBULATOR: AN INCIDENT AT THE BALMORAL FÊTE FOR CRATHIE PARISH HALL.

The King and Queen attended the Braemar Highland Gathering in the Princess Royal Park on September 8, and the royal party also included the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princess Royal, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and Lord and Lady Maud Carnegie. According to custom, the clansmen marched into the park with pipers playing their regimental marches. The Balmoral Highlanders came first, followed by the Duff Highlanders and the Invercauld Highlanders (in Farquharson tartan). They formed a guard of honour for their Majesties at the entrance, and the King then took the salute at the march-past. On September 10, a fête was held in the grounds of Balmoral Castle to raise funds for

Crathie Parish Hall. The King acted as a salesman in the flower tent with great success. There was a big demand for heather, and he remarked that, if he had known, he would have climbed the hills for more. The Queen helped in the general stall tent, where little Princess Elizabeth was present in her perambulator. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Treasurer to the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse, auctioned a painting by Mr. Churchill of the Cross in front of St. Paul's Churchyard, with the cathedral in the background. Sir Frederick described the picture as unique, being the only one done by a Chancellor of the Exchequer at the request of a Sovereign. It was bought for 115 guineas by Mr. S. Bond, of Sheffield

"MANNA" FROM HEAVEN BY AEROPLANE: FOOD PARACHUTED TO A MOTOR CONVOY BOGGED IN A DESERT SEA OF MUD.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



AFTER FOUR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD IN AN IRAQ DESERT CONVERTED INTO A SWAMP BY HEAVY RAINS: ARABS WITH A CARAVAN OF MOTOR-VEHICLES, STUCK FAST IN THE MUD FIFTY MILES FROM A TOWN, JOYFULLY RECEIVING SUPPLIES IN METAL

Stormy weather with heavy rain is occasionally experienced in Iraq. Then the usually parched desert becomes impassable, a sea of mud highly dangerous to the motor transport that connects the towns and villages great distances apart. Bogged in the mud, they remain there until the desert dries, and a shortage of food can only be remedied by supplies dropped by aeroplanes. Such an occurrence is described in a letter received by our artist, and the drawing is published by permission of the Air Ministry. Motor-vehicles with men, women, and children passengers were reported by the pilot of the Air Mail to be in

HEAVY RAINS: ARABS WITH A CARAVAN OF MOTOR-VEHICLES, STUCK FAST IN THE MUD CYLINDERS DROPPED BY PARACHUTES FROM AN R.A.F. AEROPLANE.

difficulties fifty miles west of Ramadi. Supplies of food (chipattis, dates, canned meat, and biscuits) were quickly despatched by aeroplane to the unfortunates, who had been without food, for four days. Futile efforts were still being made to run the cars' dear by shovelling the mud away from the wheels. The food, in cylindrical metal containers, fitted with buffer caps, was "parachuted" down from the aeroplane. Arabs could be seen rushing wildly for the small silken parachutes as they reached the ground; whilst others seemed awed by the wonder of the gift of food dropping like manna from the skies.

THE VOICES OF APES.

By HENRY N. RIDLEY, C.M.G., F.R.S.

DURING the period of twenty-three years while I was in charge of the Botanic Gardens, Singapore, I had many opportunities of hearing the various cries of the monkeys not only in the cages of the menagerie which I kept in the Gardens for fifteen years, but also in the forests. In the Gardens was a large patch of primitive jungle which was tenanted by a considerable number of the small monkeys known as Macaques, or, to the Malays, as K'rah. Besides, in my extensive explorations of the forests of the Malay peninsula, I frequently heard the various cries of the different kinds of monkeys which inhabited the trees of the dense jungle, both by day and night.

Far the most loquacious of the monkeys are those that are social in habit; their vocabulary is very extensive. The apes that live habitually in pairs talk very little—an alarm or warning cry and a few grunts are nearly all that one hears from them.

The anthropoid apes, the Mias (improperly called the orang-utan) and the Gibbons (*Hylobates*), have very few words or expressions. Language is only evolved in social life. It is also well to point out here that the vocal noises uttered by apes are not strictly words, but are expressions of ideas.

The anthropoid apes, the Mias and the Gibbons, are monogamous, a male and a female with one young one living together; but the K'rah (*Macacus cynomolgus*) goes about in flocks, one male having a harem of seven wives. This monkey, which is much like the ordinary organ-grinder's monkey, derives its Malay name, K'rah, from its alarm-cry on seeing a man, "K'rah, k'rah!" This sound signifies "I see a man"; but they also uttered it on seeing my terriers, which they associated with me. On one occasion we had to shoot some, as, owing to unusually dry weather, they could not get sufficient fruits and buds, and became aggressive, attacking people in the Gardens. For some weeks after, on seeing anyone about, they still cried, "K'rah," but very softly—just enough to warn their companions, but not loud enough to be heard afar.

They have a different cry to represent "I see a tiger," and in forest camps I found that the tiger-cry either of this ape or of the long-tailed *Semnopithecus* (popularly called here the spider-monkey) would rouse me from sleep quicker than any other noise, even if a mile away. As the tiger moved through the forest one could hear the different groups of monkeys crying, and could judge of the direction the tiger was taking.

One night, writing in my verandah in the Gardens, I heard the tiger-cry of the monkeys in the Gardens jungle. I thought I must be mistaken, for no tiger had been known there for very many years. The cry came again; I was puzzled. A fortnight later some friends told me that, as they were riding by on that very night, a tiger had crossed the road and gone into the jungle where the monkeys were, startling their horses. Later I found its tracks. Now these monkeys could never have seen a tiger: I suppose, therefore, that such cries are hereditary.

Sometimes a young monkey will get into a tree from which it cannot jump to another. If you approach it, it naturally squeaks with fright. Then the big king monkey comes to its aid and makes a

peculiar grunting bark, which signifies, "Jump, you little idiot, jump!" combining his advice with a snarling, aggressive swearing at you. Eventually the little one jumps to the ground and rushes off, protected by the king.



ONE OF THE SINGING APES (*HYLOBATES*) MENTIONED IN THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AT SINGAPORE.

By Courtesy of Mr. Henry N. Ridley, F.R.S.

On one occasion my terrier was fighting a cobra in the wood. The monkeys crowded down to see the fight between their two worst enemies, so that

combatants, just as if they were telling the ones behind who could not see how the fight was going. Another cry made by these monkeys is only uttered by young ones as they settle themselves in pairs on the bare bough of a tree to sleep at sunset. It is only heard when the sunset is bright and the last rays illuminate their tree. I have never heard it used by old monkeys, nor when the evening is wet or cloudy. It is a plaintive "Hoo-oo-oo," and seems to signify, "How happy life is!" It is an entirely emotional cry.

As I have said, the Mias and Gibbons talk very little. One Mias I had which I brought up from two years of age, and on the closing of the menagerie he was sent to the London Zoological Gardens, where he lived for many years. When he was a baby, if vexed, he would cry like a child and stamp his feet. His cries were so like that of a human child that he has sometimes quite taken me in, and I went to see whose baby had got into trouble. The only other sound he ever made after he was about seven years old was a grunt when annoyed, and that very rarely.

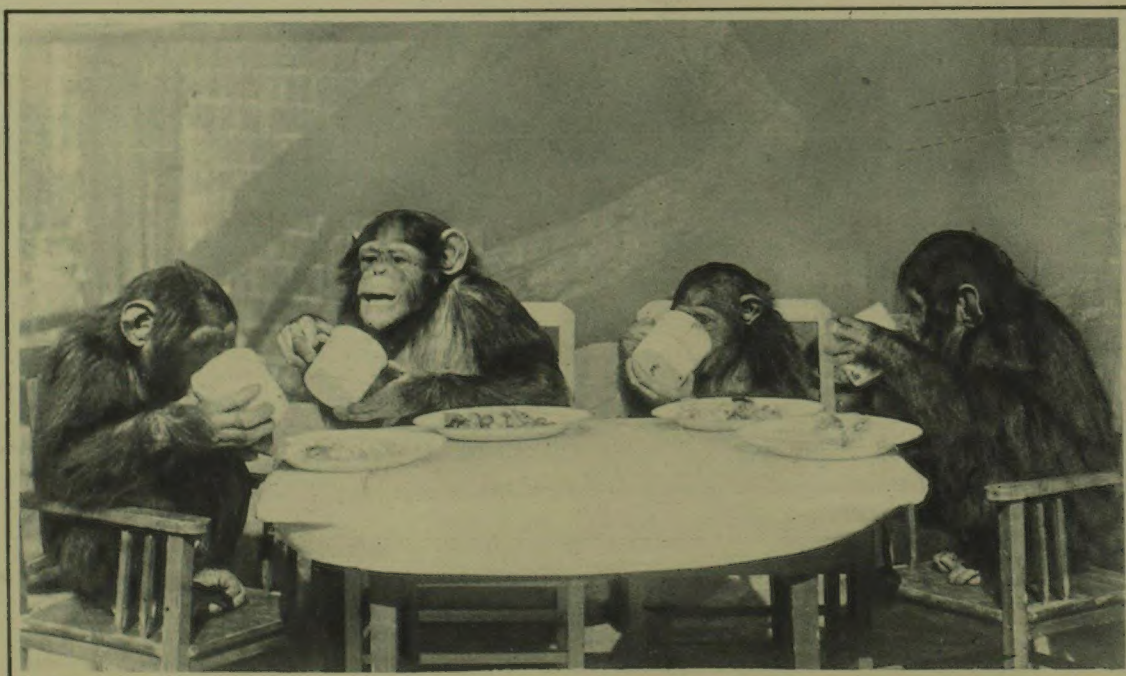
The Gibbons are nearly as dumb as far as language is concerned. The Wawa (*Hylobates agilis*) utters a grunt occasionally; and one, when I pretended to beat his owner, came and put his arms round his neck, and, peering into his face, uttered a sympathetic "Hoo-hoo-hoo." But what these apes are famous for is their song at sunrise. Beginning at the lowest note they can emit, they go up the scale to the highest, ending in one or two wails. This can be heard at a long distance. It takes some years for the ape to learn the song perfectly, getting all the notes right and giving the loud, full wail at the end. In the forest they do not usually sing in the daytime after sunrise, but some which I had in cages would give the song if they had a good audience, but not to one or two visitors.

They occasionally sing on a moonlight night. On one occasion I was in a rest-house in Perak in the middle of a valley about two miles across. A range of forest-clad mountains bounded the plain on each side, dim and pale-blue in the bright moonlight. Being ill, I could not sleep well, and remained a long time awake listening to a magnificent chorus of these apes singing to each other across the valley. There must have been dozens of them. First one would begin, then another further away; then some from across the valley. Indeed, the chorus did not cease for some hours. They frequently commenced the song with a loud drumming sound, and then went up the scale. It was the most wonderful and weird concert I have ever heard.

The black Gibbon, popularly known as the Siamang, has no such song. Puffing out its throat, it makes a booming sound, "boum, boum, boum," very loud and audible for a long distance, but it appears to have only one note.

As I have pointed out, the anthropoid apes, the nearest relations to man, are to all intents and purposes speechless, as they are not social animals. It is the social apes which really have a language: whence it

may be deduced that the evolution of language in the human race could not have taken place till man's ancestral anthropoids adopted a social habit of life.



"TABLE TALK" AND A TOAST? A PARTY OF FOUR YOUNG CHIMPANZEES AT THE "ZOO" TAKING A MEAL IN REMARKABLY "HUMAN" STYLE.

Four young chimpanzees at the "Zoo" named Jack, Jimmie, Clarence and Bibi, have been taught to take their meals at table, eating from plates and drinking from cups, and behaving politely to each other. On fine warm days the tea-party takes place in view of visitors, and has proved a highly popular attraction.

I could nearly touch them. The ones in the front place, where they could see the fight, kept chattering loudly, according to the varying successes of the

MAN'S KINDRED ACCORDING TO DARWIN: "COUSINS" IN THE SIMIAN LINE.



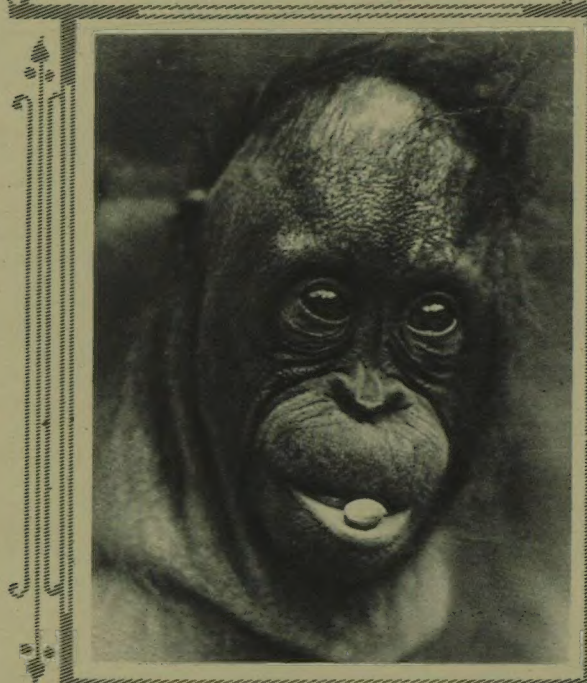
1. SCHMIDT'S MONKEY (ANGOLA).



2. ROLOWAY CERCOPITHECUS.



3. PATAS CERCOPITHECUS (N. NIGERIA).



4. A YOUNG ORANG-UTAN (BORNEO).



5. A YOUNG CHIMPANZEE.



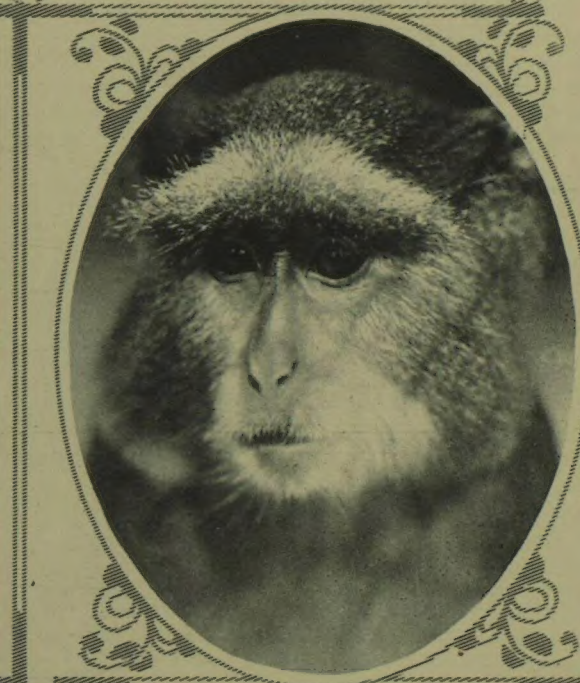
6. THE WHITE-HANDED GIBBON.



7. ARABIAN BABOON.



8. HUMBOLDT'S WOOLLY MONKEY (BRAZIL).



9. PLUTO MONKEY (ANGOLA).

These photographs of various types of monkeys, taken at the "Zoo" by Mr. Neville Kingston, form an interesting portrait gallery of some of our distant "cousins" who, according to Darwin's "Descent of Man," are descended, along with man, from a common ancestor. Sir Arthur Keith in his now famous address to the British Association, confirming Darwin's theory on behalf of modern science, said: "All the evidence now at our disposal supports the conclusion that man has arisen, as Lamarck and Darwin suspected, from an anthropoid ape not higher in the zoological scale than a chimpanzee, and that the date at which human

and anthropoid lines of descent began to diverge lies near the beginning of the Miocene period. On our modest scale of reckoning, that gives man the respectable antiquity of about one million years." Sir Arthur quoted Professor G. Elliot Smith as saying: "No structure found in the brain of an ape is lacking in the human brain, and, on the other hand, the human brain reveals no formation of any sort that is not present in the brain of the gorilla or chimpanzee. . . . The difference is only quantitative, but its importance cannot be exaggerated."

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

A MAGNIFICENT JUNGLE FILM: "CHANG," AT THE PLAZA.

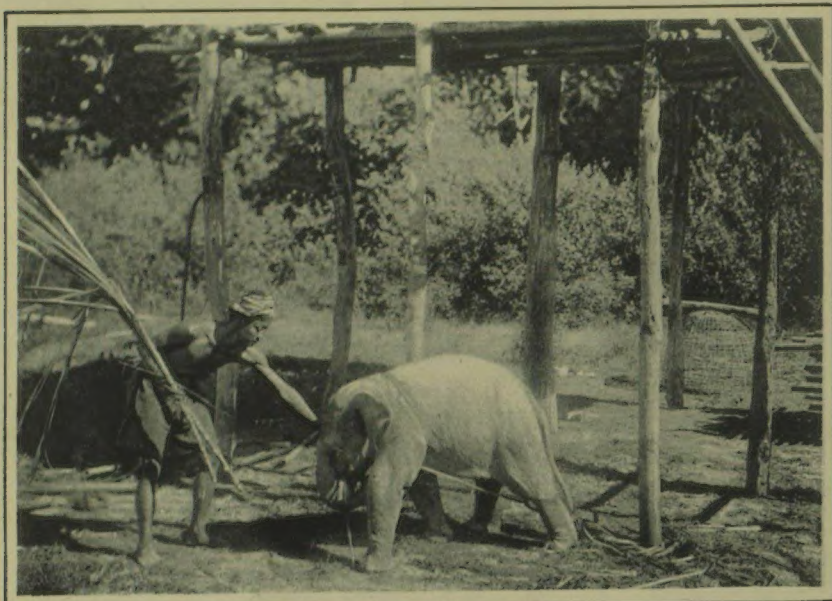
THERE has come to town a most remarkable film—one of the greatest manifestations of kinematic power that I have ever seen. It is as full of sensational thrills as any of the stupendous "super-films" of Hollywood, yet it boasts no mechanical devices; it has no stars. It draws its inspiration from the daily life of natives who have never before come into contact with the camera,

are designed to lift them above the dangers of the jungle—a design, as we are shown, but partially successful—they form the nucleus, or rather the pivot, of this amazing jungle drama. Beneath their kindly shelter domestic animals gradually collect—pigs, goats, poultry, dogs, and the patient water-buffalo who draws the primitive plough across the small, ungenerous patch of paddy field. Last, but

by no means least, is Bimbo, the white gibbon, who acts as jester, counsellor, and friend to the entire family. After a swift introduction to this sympathetic household we are plunged at once into the dread vicissitudes of their lives. A marauding leopard raids the goat-pen; a tiger wreaks swift vengeance on the poor water-buffalo, who ventures to drink at his private pool; until, thus harassed, Kru seeks aid from the wise men of the neighbouring village. There follows then the thrilling record of a mighty hunt. Traps are constructed, huge, primitive, yet ingenious. A baby elephant is caught and proves a fractious but unferocious victim. Far more terrifying are the encounters with tiger and leopard. In their savage attacks both would seem to be but an inch or two away from the lens. Such

leopard scents him and lopes in his tracks. We tremble for Bimbo; we are caught by the throat as the fleeing, panting monkey and the spotted death behind him streak through the undergrowth. Again the very impress of truth and reality sets one asking "How was it done?"

But scant breathing space is granted us with the safe arrival of Kru's family in the village, for hard on the heels of his warning, which is derided by the wise men, comes the Great Herd. Numbering some four hundred, they charge the swiftly deserted village. Maddened, infuriated, they make their onslaught, until the vast screen, cleverly enlarged by the Magnascope, is invaded by the shoving, trampling, gargantuan creatures, before whose wrath the whole village goes down like corn before the reaper. Again they are close upon us. We seem to be in



A CAPTURED BABY ELEPHANT TETHERED UNDERNEATH KRU'S HOUSE, WHICH THE MOTHER ELEPHANT LATER DESTROYS: A SCENE FROM "CHANG," THE NEW JUNGLE DRAMA.

and relies wholly for its dramatic effects on their eternal struggle with the primeval jungle and the fierce denizens thereof—in short, on a company of totally uninitiated screen-actors. But what dramatic conflict they put up between them! The theme of "Chang" may be described as elemental—just a few pages from one of the outposts of human habitation, where all the resources of Nature seem in league against mankind, where months, nay, years, of toil are rendered futile in a few brief moments, and where each foothold hacked out of the implacable jungle represents infinite patience, infinite endeavour.

The two men responsible for this amazing production are Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, to whom belongs the credit of some of the finest as well as the most daring camera-work on record. These two enterprising "pathfinders" came together in the making of that fine film "Grass," which dealt with the everlasting "trek" of Asiatic nomads in the wake of forage for their flocks. Apparently Mr. Cooper is acutely aware of the dramatic qualities that mark man's age-old conflict with elemental powers. He sees—and rightly—that here is a province wherein the art of the kinema reigns supreme. To this perception he obviously adds not only the pluck of the pioneer and hunter, but also the vision of the artist. No one but a true connoisseur of line and decorative pattern could have embroidered his central theme, with its savage strength, its tragedies (none the less tragic because they come all in the day's work), with such delicate traceries of fretted branch and leaf or such enchanting vistas of forest glade.

Pursuing their initial idea, their choice fell on Northern Siam for their new field of activity, and the results entirely justify their choice. For not only is it one of the few countries scarcely touched by white influence, but furthermore the Lao people who inhabit it would appear to be of extraordinary intelligence and pleasant company to boot. At any rate, you could not meet a more engaging family than that of Kru, who with his comely wife and three adorable children pushed forward bravely in the vanguard of their tribe to erect a bamboo home almost in the heart of the jungle. Perched in their frail but cosy nest on the tall stilts which

unmistakable savagery and menace seen at such alarmingly close quarters sends a shiver up the most sophisticated spine; what, then, must it have been like for the camera-man? For, mark you, here is no "fake," no reconstruction or superimposition. This is the real thing—the actual dangers of the hunt brought to the screen.

Of this hunt, the baby elephant falls to Kru's share as booty. He intends to tame and train it, but he has reckoned without the Herd. First comes, as single spy and to the aid of her offspring, a colossal cow-elephant, who butts into the bamboo hut and reduces it to matchwood. Kru, with his family and a basketful of puppies, has fled in the nick of time—in such hot haste, indeed, that poor Bimbo is left behind. His frantic fear, expressed in utterly human gestures, culminates in his release from the perch to which he is tethered, and his flight across the jungle in chase of his friends leads to another episode which baffles description. For the dread



A MONKEY FILM COMEDIAN: BIMBO, THE PET GIBBON, WITH KRU'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, IN "CHANG," AT THE PLAZA THEATRE.

Bimbo, the pet gibbon, provides the comic relief to the jungle drama of "Chang," and has leapt into fame as a film star of the monkey world.

their path, doomed to go under with the rest of the village. The effect is colossal—there is no escaping the stark truth of it, and sheer wonderment at the achievement succeeds a thrill that leaves, at the time, no margin for questioning.

After this tremendous catastrophe, the great round-up of the herd begins. Day after day, with infinite patience and unceasing watchfulness, the Lao hunters drive the Great Herd towards the huge corral they have constructed. Through the jungle and across a great lake they go, slowly, warily, the Herd's suspicions growing into alarm; the men, alert and intrepid, ever behind them with burning fire and waving bush. No "trek," of the many brought to the screen, can equal this in its intensity of natural drama and its atmosphere of danger. It brings a picture that may for once fitly be called an Epic to a fine conclusion. And ever, as a chorus to the Epic, the monkeys seem to add their comment. They swing in the fragile branches of the wild acacias, warning their friends, voicing their alarm and their interest, or they perch amongst the rafters of domesticity, lending emphasis to dangerous moments by the "ohs" and "ahs" of their eloquent mouths. They are as disconcertingly human in the tree-tops as in captivity, and offer very conclusive proof of the origin of speech as well as species.

How has it all been done? Mr. Cooper and Mr. Schoedsack have not unveiled that mystery. They disappeared for two years

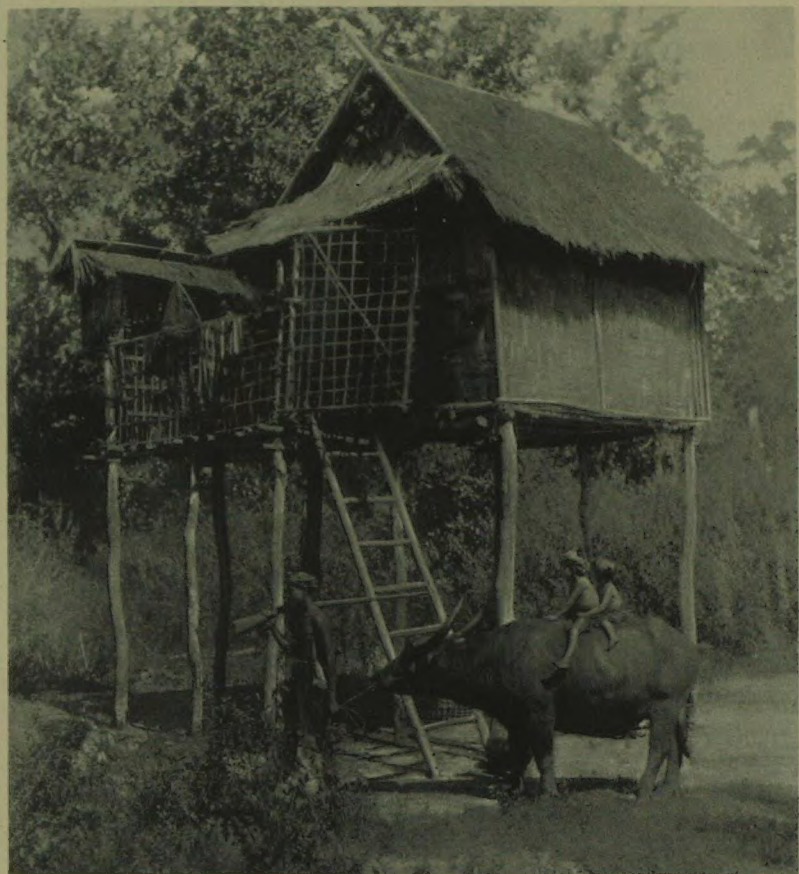
(Continued on page 476.)



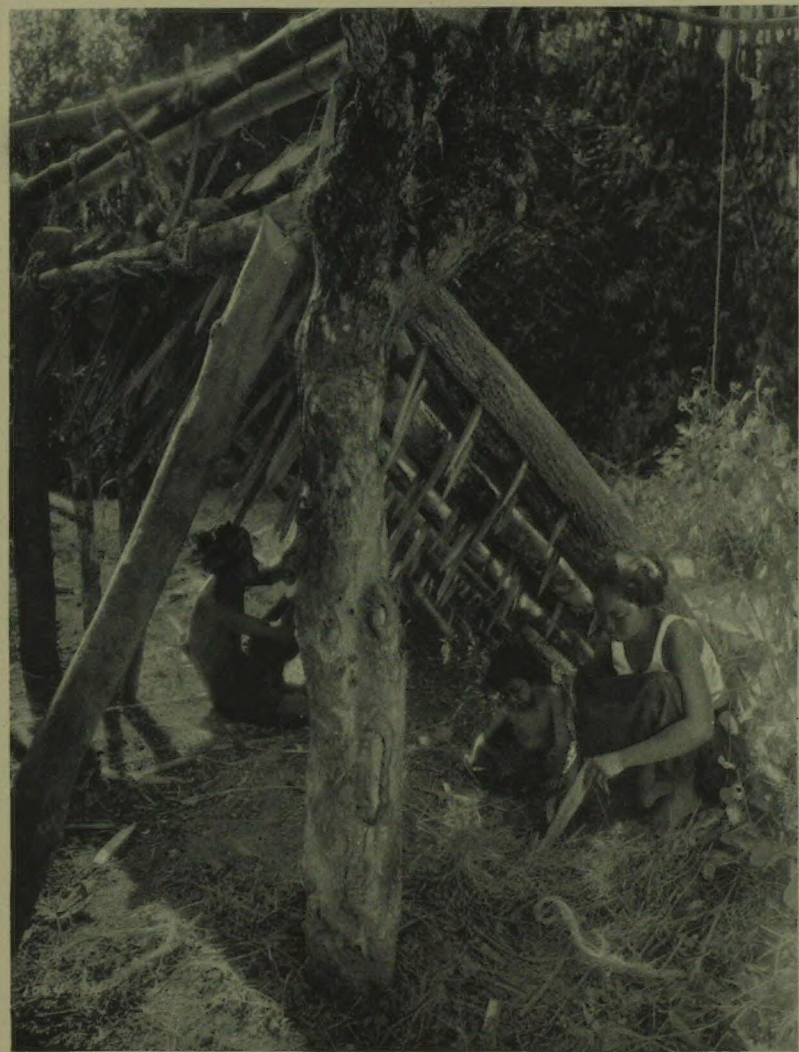
A CAPTURED BABY BEAR CRYING FOR HIS MOTHER: ONE OF THE JUNGLE CREATURES IN "CHANG" WHOSE APPEARANCE ON THE FILM IS ACCOMPANIED BY ANIMAL NOISES REPRODUCED FROM LIFE.

This baby bear is captured by Kru, the native hunter. During the film, wonderfully realistic animal noises are reproduced (from life) by the Columbia Company and the Graham Amplion loud-speaker.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE FILMS EVER TAKEN: "CHANG."



THE HERO'S JUNGLE HOME BUILT ON HIGH PILES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST PROWLING TIGERS AND LEOPARDS: KRU'S CHILDREN RIDING ON A DOMESTICATED WATER-BUFFALO.



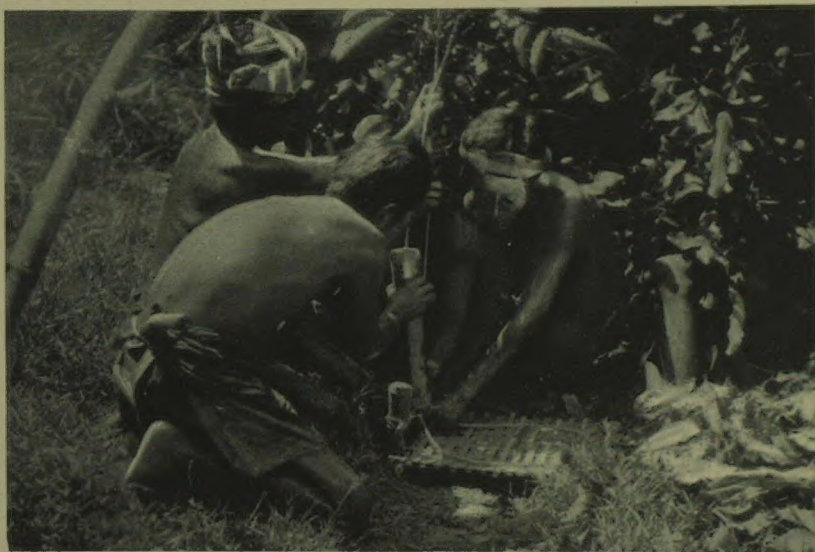
BUILDING A "DEAD-FALL" FOR LEOPARDS: KRU, THE SIAMESE HUNTER, FIXING SHARP BAMBOO SPIKES INTO A HEAVY SHELF OF LOGS, WITH HIS WIFE, CHANTUI, AND CHILD SITTING BY.



THE TERROR OF CHANG, MOST DREADED OF MAN'S JUNGLE FOES, DESCENDS ON A NATIVE VILLAGE: A GREAT HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS TRAMPLING DOWN HUTS AND DESTROYING DOMESTIC ANIMALS.



"MASTER STRIPES" SHOWS HIS TEETH AND PREPARES TO SPRING AT THE FILM-PHOTOGRAPHER'S CAMERA: THE TIGER FOR WHICH A TRAP IS LAID AFTER IT HAS KILLED KRU'S WATER-BUFFALO.

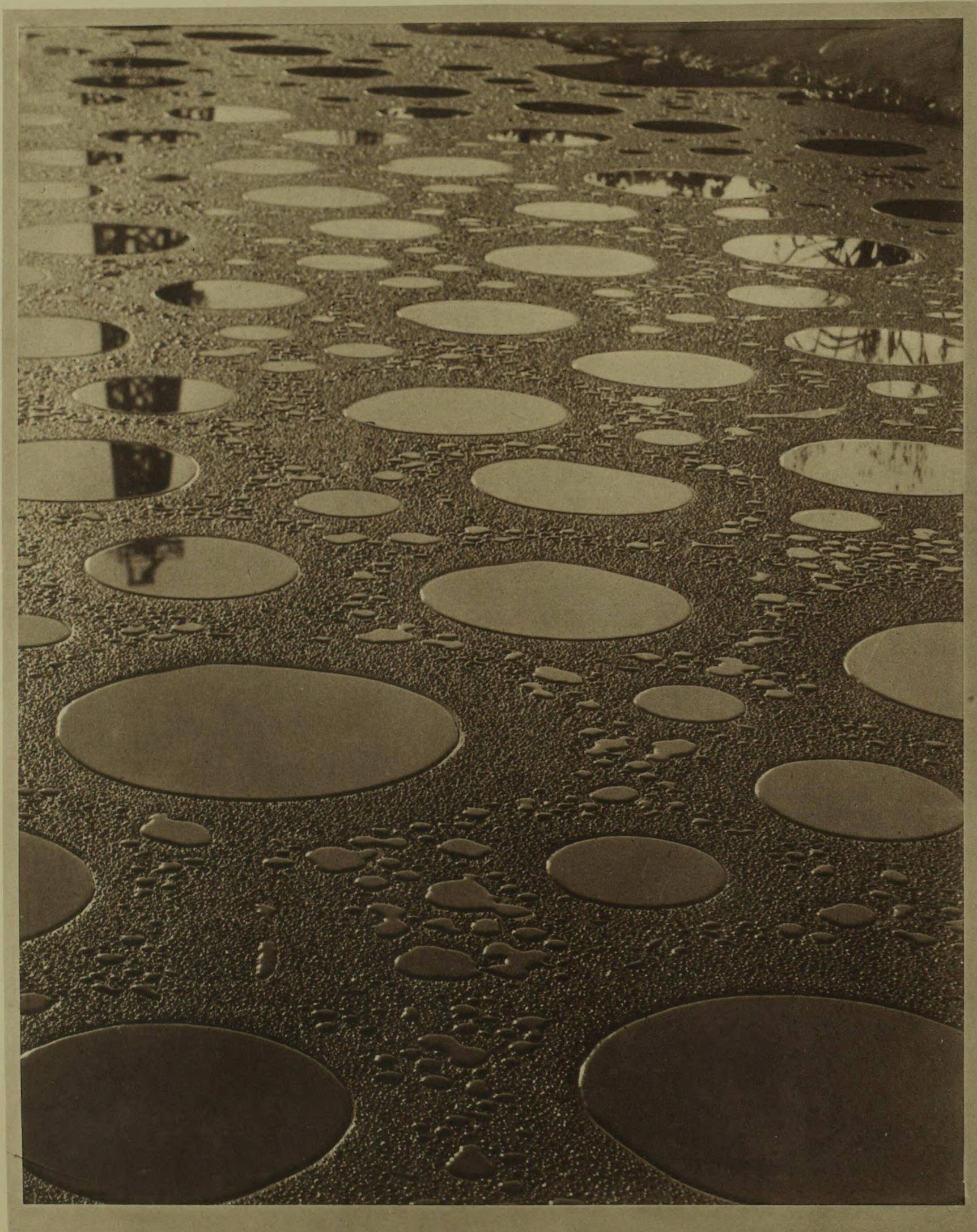


MAKING ANOTHER TYPE OF "DEAD-FALL" FOR A MARAUDING TIGER: SIAMESE NATIVES FIXING THE TOP OF A PIT THEY HAVE DUG, BEFORE CONCEALING IT WITH SHRUBS AND LEAVES.

"Chang," the new Paramount film (described on opposite page) at the Plaza Theatre, is a thrilling drama of human struggle against the beasts of the jungle in north-eastern Siam, and contains some of the most remarkable pictures of wild animals that have ever been presented. The principal characters are Kru and his wife, Chantui, of the Lao tribe, who inhabit a thatched hut built on high piles, as a protection against tigers and leopards, and live by planting rice and keeping goats, pigs, and poultry, with a water-buffalo for heavy work. Their existence is continually threatened by marauding beasts, and various traps, or "dead-falls," are used for catching them. One consists of a shelf of heavy logs, studded

inside with sharp bamboo spikes, and raised at an angle from the ground. Bait is placed underneath, and the animal, treading on a release-apparatus, is transfixed by the spikes. As our article relates, the greatest disaster to the community comes from the wild elephant, known to the natives as Chang. The mother of a captured young one wrecks Kru's house, and later the whole herd sweeps through a village, trampling down the huts and killing domestic animals. The film ends with a great hunt of the elephants, which are eventually driven into a corral, or palisaded enclosure, whence they are taken one by one to be trained for the service of man.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: NOTABLE WORK AT THE LONDON SALON.



I.—NATURE'S MOSAIC IN OIL: "OIL DITCH," BY S. UYEDA.

This year's Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography is exceptionally interesting. We reproduce four remarkable examples on this and the next three pages. We are all familiar with the phrase "oil on troubled waters," as expressing a well-known property of oil often used at sea in life-saving from wrecks or ships

in distress. The above study portrays rather the behaviour of oil on untroubled waters, showing how it tends to form a pattern of circles and ovals, with numerous smaller patches. The photograph has an artistic as well as a scientific interest, for the effect is extremely decorative, suggesting a natural "mosaic."

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: NOTABLE WORK AT THE LONDON SALON.



II.—THE RIBBON-LIKE TEXTURE OF AN ARCHING BILLOW: "BREAKING WAVE," BY H. R. CREMER.

Photographs of breaking waves are as "familiar as household words," but they are usually taken from the beach and show the tumbling surf as it appears from the front. There is something very distinctive and original about this remarkably fine study of a "league-long roller," seen from the side and from a view-point

looking down upon it. Particularly noticeable is the ribbon-like texture of the water as the billow arches to its fall, to break suddenly into a cloud of foam. The effect is that of a river at the edge of a cataract, when the water descends suddenly in a smooth and beautiful curve.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: NOTABLE WORK AT THE LONDON SALON.



III.—“WHERE THE POOL STANDS MANTLED O’ER WITH GREEN”: “IN THE POND,” BY TORAZI MAYEDA.

The simplicity of effect and economy of detail characteristic of Japanese art is exhibited in this charming study of a lily pool and one of its denizens swimming. The subject recalls a recently published book describing the wealth of interest to be found in stagnant water, by a student of natural history—namely, “Marvels

of Pond Life,” by Ray Palmer, F.Z.S. (Thornton Butterworth). “Water lilies grown in artificial ponds, required for the study of aquatic life,” the author says, “must be kept well within bounds, or their leaves will soon cover the entire surface of the water, to the exclusion of all else.”

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART : NOTABLE WORK AT THE LONDON SALON.



IV.—“SHAKING THE POINTS, MAKING THE TACKLE CROON” : “TOPS’LS,” BY F. J. MORTIMER.

On this and the preceding pages we give some remarkable examples of photography as a fine art to be seen in the 1927 Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters

in Water-Colours, at 5a, Pall Mall East. This admirable study of sailors at work in the rigging of a ship was made in one of the old Navy training brigs. Our quotation is from John Masefield's well-known sea-faring poem, “Dauber.”

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

keeping the sacred feasts of St. Partridge and St. Grouse, not to mention St. Cub, precluding the greater festival of St. Reynard, it seems appropriate to open my litany of new books with a group representing various forms of sport.

It is only a few days since Doncaster observed the feast of St. Leger, to which a literary touch was given by Book Law. The scene of the famous race-meeting, as it was ninety-one years ago, with costumes and equipages of the period, appears in two of the forty-eight fine colour-plates in "SPORTING PRINTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURIES." By F. Gordon Roe. With an Introduction by C. Reginald Grundy, a volume in the "Connoisseur" series of Books for Collectors ("The Connoisseur," Ltd.; 21s.). The great merit of this book on the pictorial side, apart from the high quality of the reproductions, is the unusual variety of subject. Besides many kinds of sport, among them puffin-shooting from boats, there are coaching and election incidents, skating in Hyde Park, and an angler's picnic. Finest of all, I think, is a painting entitled "To the Society of Golfers of Blackheath," showing an old-time golfer, in knee-breeches and decorative coat with gold epaulettes, followed by his elderly caddie attired like a beadle or a town crier. Mr. Roe's interesting record of British sporting artists born in the eighteenth century is packed with names and information. He urges that sporting art, so rich in the detail of social history, should be better represented in British and American public galleries.

One of the best living exponents of that branch of art contributes eight characteristic plates to "SPORTING VERSE." By Adam Lindsay Gordon. Illustrated in colour by Lionel Edwards (Constable; 14s.). The selection of poems includes "How We Beat the Favourite," which has been called the "best ballad of the Turf in the English tongue," and is said to be the most popular poem in Australia; also "The Sick Stockrider," one of the "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes" first published on the very day of the author's suicide—June 24, 1870. There is much English local colour in the sporting verse of Australia's poet, and, not having the facts of his career at my finger's ends, I turned to works of reference for an explanation. Some merely told me that he was born in the Azores and at twenty sailed for Adelaide, but the E.B. solved the mystery—he was educated at Cheltenham and Merton. I think a little preface, embodying these and other facts, would have made this edition still more attractive. It contains his familiar lines on kindness and courage; and also these, whose authorship may not be so well known—

No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap
Could possibly find its way.

A new anthology, charmingly illustrated with wood-cuts, though it does not come into my sporting category, includes at least one hunting ditty, and that the most popular of all—namely, "John Peel." This book is called "SONGS OF THE IMMORTALS." Decorated by Haldane Macfall (Jack; 7s. 6d.). The selection has been made with a special purpose; that is, to give "the words of the songs and ballads which Wireless Broadcasting is spreading throughout the land." The authors range from Shakespeare and Shelley to Sir William Gilbert and Sir Harry Lauder. There are also several pieces by that celebrated poet, Anon. In view of his inclusion, it might be asked whether a bard whose name has passed into limbo can strictly be called an immortal. It is a nice problem, akin to the question of beheading the Cheshire Cat. A happier title, I think, might have indicated the particular scope of the collection. Long before broadcasting was invented, I contemplated (but never perpetrated) an anthology to be entitled, "The Words"—i.e., poems heard in concert-halls and places where they sing. Now that the idea has materialised, I present it free of charge to any enterprising publisher! The composer's name is often remembered while that of the author is forgotten. Everyone knows, for instance, that "Land of Hope and Glory" is the work of Sir Edward Elgar, but how many are aware (as Mr. Macfall's book reminds us) that the "words" were by A. C. Benson?

I return to undiluted sport with "GLOVES AND THE MAN." The Romance of the Ring. By Eugene Corri. (Forty-five years a Boxing Referee.) With sixteen full-page illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.). The book is dedicated to the Prince of Wales, a portrait of whom forms the frontispiece. At the end of his reminiscences Mr. Corri writes: "My aim has been to entertain; say at the rate

of a smile per page." With one reader, at any rate, he has thoroughly succeeded: I could not get away from the book; it is a perfect mine of thrill and anecdote. So many boxers, and other celebrities, are mentioned that an index would have been desirable, and I should have liked to hear something of Mr. Corri's own experiences that led to his becoming a referee. Two of his personal judgments are especially notable. He refers to Jack Johnson as "the greatest boxer, black or white, of the twentieth century, or any century." Even more enviable, perhaps, is his tribute to Bombardier Wells: "People would flock to see him still. Why? Because he is generally, and very properly, held to have elevated the tone of boxing for the last ten or fifteen years. . . . Carpentier likes Wells. He always says, 'Beely is a gentleman.'"

The ferocious bull-terrier that licked the boots of Robert Fitzsimmons, the Cornish blacksmith and heavy-weight champion, when he calmly patted its head, evidently knew and respected a fellow-fighter when he saw one. This incident brings me to an admirable little treatise on

(Its smells

alone are for this newcomer equal to a substantial collection of books, prints, pictures and other interesting *objets d'art* for a human.)" Man's olfactory nerve is less penetrating, and his taste in scent perhaps a shade more delicate. One need not have the nose of a dog to appreciate such a book as "THE MYSTERY AND LURE OF PERFUME." By C. J. S. Thompson. With twenty-six illustrations (Lane; 10s. 6d.), but this author also comments, incidentally, on the keenness of animal perceptions. "The distance at which a dog can track his master," he writes, "is extraordinary," and he instances several plants that exercise a strong fascination both on dogs and cats. "The oil of rhodium," for example, "was at one time often employed by street-thieves to lure pet dogs. The method they used was to sprinkle a little of the oil on the bottom of the legs of their trousers to attract their victims."

Mr. Thompson is mainly concerned, however, with the pleasanter perfumes and cosmetics used by men and women for toilette, ritual, embalming, or medicinal purposes, and he has devoted to his fragrant theme a vast amount of botanical erudition and historical research. He takes us through the ages from the Garden of Eden, Babylon, and ancient Egypt, down to modern times, quoting numberless writers, and mentioning the favourite scents of many celebrities, past and present. Thus, "Napoleon had an almost feminine fondness for perfumes, and a special liking for the odour of Aloes Wood and Eau-de-Cologne, which he used in great quantities."

Perfume, colour, and taste are the most familiar properties of flowers and plants in relation to human senses. But apart from these phenomena, plants have a life of their own, which, to those who probe its secrets, may be quite as fascinating as that of animals. Are plants conscious? Can they feel? Have they will and purpose? Do they sleep and wake? How do they grow? What are their reactions to touch and light and temperature? These and many kindred questions are discussed and answered by a famous Indian botanist, after a lifetime of original research, in "PLANT AUTOGRAPHS AND THEIR REVELATIONS." By Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, D.Sc., F.R.S., etc. Founder and Director of the Bose Institute, Calcutta. With Portrait and 120 illustrations (Longmans; 7s. 6d.). The book is written for the general reader, with as few technicalities as possible, the experiments being accompanied by philosophical reflections and occasional anecdotes in lighter vein, while the whole work is animated by a lofty spirit of devotion to the cause of progress through scientific discovery.

Summarising his results, the author says: "I have been able to make the dumb plant the most eloquent chronicler of its inner life and experiences by making it write down its own history. The self-made records show that there is no life-reaction in even the highest animal which has not been foreshadowed in the life of the plant." These records are charted on sheets of paper or glass plates, by means of highly sensitive apparatus, of the author's own invention, attached to various plants. For testing the capacity to sleep, the plant used was the mimosa, called in Bengal "the coy maiden," because it shrinks from every touch. The record proved that "Mimosa is a late riser . . . slowly awakening about 9 a.m."; whereupon Dr. Bose observes: "Rousseau told us that modern life is decadent and that the only hope of salvation was a return to primitive life. Surely we could not go back to anything

more primitive or unspoiled than unsophisticated plant-life. And yet what are the facts? Apparently Mimosa has forestalled the dissipated life of the modern Babylons of London, Paris, and New York, keeping up all night, and going to bed only after the rising of the sun!"

Possibly Mimosa has acquired Western habits, like her namesake in "The Geisha," who got entangled with a sailor "of the Royal N." She may even have become addicted to cocktails, for it seems that plants also possess the faculty of getting drunk. "The immediate effect of dilute vapour of alcohol [says Dr. Bose] is often to produce a transient enhancement of excitability. But a depression results from its continued action. The ludicrously unsteady gait (shown by diagram) of the plant under intoxication could, no doubt, be effectively exploited in a temperance lecture!" Henceforth I shall regard the vegetable kingdom with deeper interest, not unmixed with temptation. I have no wish to encourage excess in any form, but just once I should love to see a geranium and an aspidistra, arm-in-arm,

Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road, drunk, and raising Cain.

Some plants, probably, have stronger heads than others. I dare say a thistle or a turnip could stand a good deal; but for the weaker vessels, such as Mimosa, I should counsel total abstinence—in other words, avoid Dewar and stick to dew!

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any contributions being unsuitable for "The Illustrated London News," we will, at the request of the sender, pass the material to our own distributing agency, in order that it may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

the relations between man and his "friend"—namely, "LETTERS TO YOUNG DOG-OWNERS." By Major A. J. Dawson. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 6s.). As one who has, at various times, been owned by several rough-haired terriers, and has consulted not a few doggy books, I can truthfully say that I have read none more sympathetic and more instructive than Major Dawson's delightful "letters," which, by the way, are quite as suitable for the old as for the young. They tempt me to go forth straight-away and "see a man about a dog"; but unfortunately, as my abode is a flat in a region infested with motor-cars, and my last "friend" died under the wheel, I have not had the heart to seek a successor. For the present I "shall have to be contented" with a black but comely cat, who takes exceedingly good care of himself, and never strays far, even to do his fighting. It usually occurs immediately outside my bed-room window, with sudden and soul-tearing ululation, in "the murky middle of the night."

Major Dawson gives excellent advice on the purchase, training, and feeding of dogs, and on their use in sport. On the first day of a dog's arrival in a new home, for example, he should be let alone awhile to find his bearings. "He is very, very busy. . . . Your home, remember, presents to him a mass of intricate detail never noted by yourself.

THE SHARK AS A SOURCE OF WEALTH: SEA "TIGERS" MADE INTO SHOES.



1. A "TIGER OF THE SEA" THAT SUPPLIES LEATHER, OIL, PIGMENTS, FERTILISER, GLUE, AND OTHER PRODUCTS: THE HEAD OF A TWENTY-FOOT SHARK CAUGHT IN AUSTRALIAN WATERS.



2. A FORMIDABLE "BITE": THE GIANT MOUTH OF A TIGER SHARK, HELD BY AN OFFICIAL OF THE "ISTAR"—A SHARK-FISHING AND "FACTORY" SHIP RECENTLY ARRIVED IN LONDON.



3. AN "INOFFENSIVE" SPECIES THAT MAKES THE BEST LEATHER: A NURSE SHARK CAUGHT IN FLORIDA WATERS BEING HAULED ABOARD.



4. NETTED, HOOKED, AND LIFTED INTO A BOAT BY PULLEY: A BIG SHARK CAUGHT IN THE FISHERIES OF KEY WEST, FLORIDA.



5. A HUGE LEOPARD SHARK THAT GAVE ENOUGH LEATHER FOR 280 PAIRS OF SHOES, BESIDES BAGS AND OTHER ARTICLES: A FLORIDA CATCH.



6. A PILE OF BIG SHARKS AND A SAW-FISH (NEAREST CAMERA), A GIANT MEMBER OF THE RAY FAMILY THAT ALSO YIELDS GOOD LEATHER: A DAY'S CATCH BEING LANDED AT A SHARK CAMP ON FLORIDA KEYS.



7. A PROCESS IN THE CONVERSION OF SHARK HIDE INTO SHOE LEATHER: PUTTING A SKIN THROUGH A FLESHING MACHINE TO REMOVE SURPLUS FLESH) ABOARD THE "ISTAR," A SHARK "FACTORY" SHIP FROM AUSTRALIA.

The shark, once merely dreaded as the terror of the seas, has become the source of valuable commercial products, and the basis of a new and growing industry. Our photographs illustrate two separate shark fisheries, one in Australian and the other in Floridan waters. Nos. 1, 2, and 7 relate to the S.S. "Istar," which lately arrived in the East India Docks, London. She is a shark-hunting ship belonging to Marine Products, Ltd., who are developing the industry at Carnarvon, Western Australia. The vessel itself is a floating "factory" for the preparation of products from the shark, which comprise leather; odourless and colourless oils; chemicals from the glands used in tanning; pigments from the gall; glue; meal and fertiliser from the refuse; shark-liver oil for medicinal

purposes; food from the de-hydrated flesh; and food from the fins that is popular in China. Dr. Alfred Ehrenreich, the company's scientific expert, says: "The industry is only in its infancy. It has vast possibilities. . . . The 'Istar' carries 170 nets, of 18-inch mesh, each 600 ft. long and 30 ft. in depth. . . . The other photographs (3—6) illustrate a similar industry near Key West, Florida. "The saw-fish (says a descriptive note), a huge shark-like member of the ray family, has recently been added to the list of valuable leather-producers. . . . As many as 300 big sharks have been taken in a single night. The varieties caught are very numerous, from inoffensive nurse sharks and sun-baskers to dreaded tiger sharks."

WHY DO CIVILISATIONS PASS AWAY?

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

WHY do civilisations decay and at the same time remain immortal? Why do they all disappear, like the men who created them, after a more or less brilliant existence, leaving behind them nothing but ruins, vestiges, and débris—arid and fleshless bones? And why do those bones continue to live in the minds and the regard of subsequent generations, as if the soul of dead centuries were attached to them, and as if the new civilisations could only grow and develop on the dust of the extinct ones?

This is one of the most profound and obscure of life's enigmas. It might be called the enigma of living death. Nowhere is that enigma deeper or more obscure than in Greece. For a few short centuries, no country in the world ever blazed with a more dazzling light. A group of human beings, who would not suffice to-day to people one of the great metropolises of the modern world, created in a very few centuries a civilisation which is still a model for two continents. The literature, art, science, philosophy, politics and religion of Europe and America are still in part an inheritance from the Greeks. No people have exerted a greater influence, and that for more than twenty centuries, upon the spirit of two continents. And yet that intense light was extinguished after a short period of splendour. Greek civilisation did not disappear suddenly; while dying in its country of origin, it continued, after the conquests of Alexander, to work, create models, and develop in numerous centres in Asia and Africa for many centuries. But when it died out in those centres, it died for ever.

There are countries in which civilisation seems to possess an eternal power of regeneration. Italy, for example, is one of those countries. Her beginnings were humbler than those of Greece; but for twenty-five centuries she has not ceased to play an active and glorious part in all the civilisations which have succeeded each other in Europe. She is the only country of the Western world that can boast of such a record of periodical rejuvenation. Nothing of the kind is to be found in Greece. Greek civilisation still lives, immortal, as an active element of Western civilisation, in all the civilised countries of Europe and America. But its extinction, first in Greece proper and afterwards in Hellenised Asia and Africa, was final; no regeneration has taken place in the countries where the Greek spirit had created so many marvels.

If all past civilisations are living cemeteries, the Greek civilisation is at the same time the most dead and the most living of those cemeteries. That is why the problem of knowing how that imperishable civilisation was destroyed, body and soul, after its one appearance has obsessed the human spirit since ancient times. It is not surprising, therefore, that an eminent Italian historian, M. Corrado Barbagallo, has again taken up the problem, in a book which is at once erudite and impassioned, and has just been translated into French. ("Le Déclin d'une Civilisation." Paris; Cayot.) What conclusions can we draw from the long and learned researches of M. Barbagallo?

If wealth is an element of civilisation, it is not in itself civilisation. There has never been any close and direct relation between the greatness of a civilisation and the richness and extent of its territory. Very rich territories have produced much less brilliant civilisations than territories which were relatively poor. The old qualitative civilisations depended even less on the material elements of life than does modern civilisation. But, all the same, a civilisation cannot develop if it does not succeed in producing a certain amount of wealth; it is necessary, therefore, that it should have at its disposal a certain extent of productive territory. The first great weakness of Greek civilisation seems certainly to have been the small and poor territory in which it was born and developed. Everything there, even during the most brilliant epoch, was of minute proportions: the population, the extent of the

states, agricultural and industrial production, and the armies. Among all the great civilisations, the Greek civilisation stands out as the one which was created with the smallest means.

That is what, in the first place, explains its perfection. In her poverty she could only excel by quality. And that also explains why Greece had always a tendency to come out of herself, to overflow into richer and vaster territories by her colonies and conquests. She needed to enlarge her base. She only succeeded in doing this in a decisive manner after the time of Alexander the Great, when the whole of Asia Minor and a part of Northern Africa were Hellenised. At that time Greek civilisation

gradually they became mere provincial towns, living on their glorious past. Venice, which, after the French Revolution, fell from being the capital of one of the richest, most powerful, and most celebrated states of Europe to the position of a mere pleasure city for foreigners and a museum for cultivated people, can give us an idea of the fate of Athens under the Roman Empire.

But the decadence of Greece became a weakness also for the Hellenism which triumphed in Asia and Africa, in the midst of the most different races, among the vestiges of more ancient civilisations and the survivals of barbarism that were beginning to yield to refinement. Hellenism had no longer a directing centre and a rallying point; it

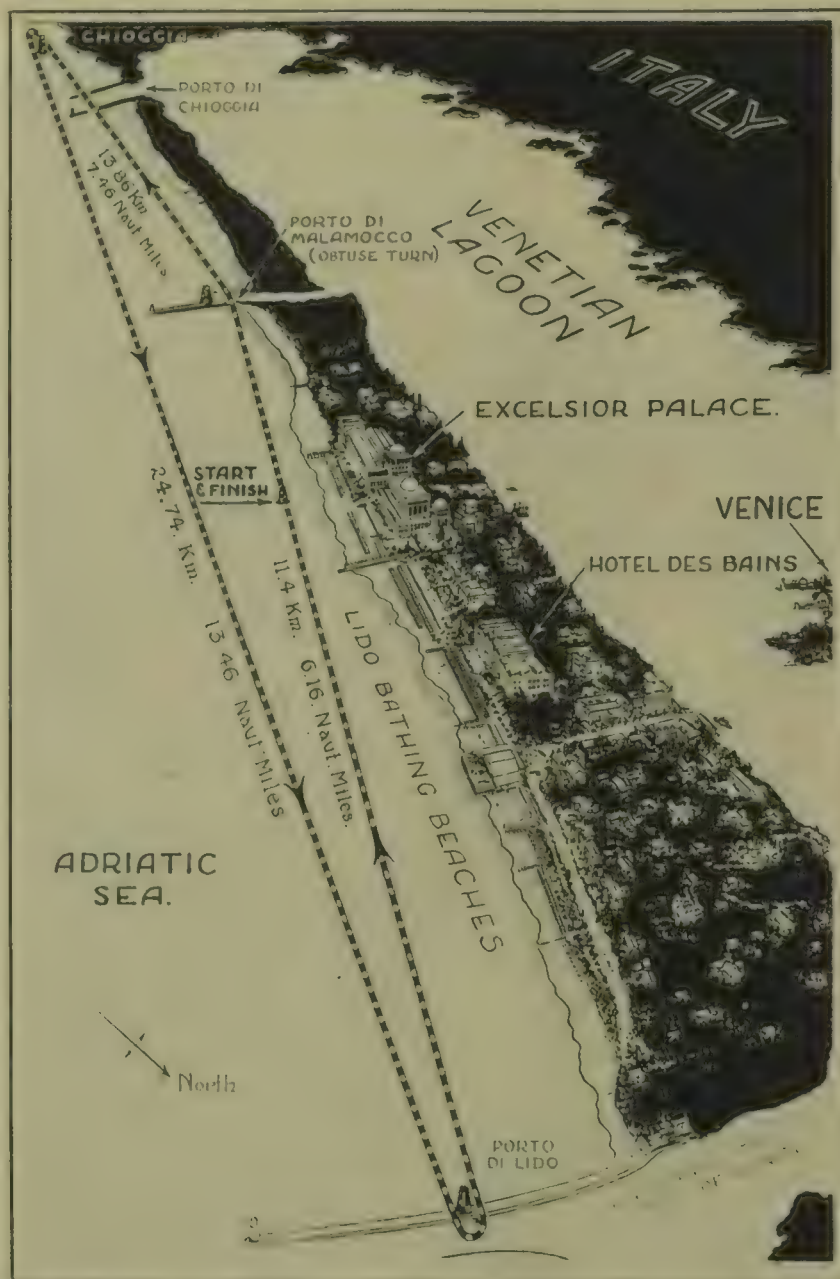
was scattered over an enormous extent of territory, from the Black Sea to Marseilles, in a number of flourishing centres, but united by no common tie, except a deal one of language and culture; each one lost in a different environment where hostile forces of all kinds slumbered. These centres of civilisation were like little detached companies in an enemy country, without a base of operations on which they could retire in case of danger of defeat. That explains why, when the hostile forces were let loose during the enormous cataclysm provoked by the dislocation of the Roman Empire, the homes of Hellenism fell one after another, and Hellenism itself expired without hope of renaissance.

The great weakness of Hellenism, therefore, seems to have consisted in the smallness and poverty of its country of origin. There is, however, another circumstance which we must take into account. M. Barbagallo's book brings it to light. That initial weakness had been aggravated by wars. External and civil war was endemic in Greece, and was carried on in so savage a manner that it seems impossible to reconcile it with the refined splendour of Grecian letters, art, and thought. One of the reasons why I grew tired of ancient history was because everywhere, at Athens, Ephesus, and Carthage, as in Rome and Constantinople, it was an uninterrupted series of massacres, pillages, destructions, and exterminations. The lust for blood, the mad violence and injustices, of which it is full, become at last unbearable to a mind which has felt the Christian influence, either in its more ancient religious forms or under its lay form of modern humanitarianism, or under both.

But the systematic ferocity of the struggles between classes and states never seems to have been so great in Greece as during the most brilliant epoch of literature, art, and philosophy. The chants of the priests and the meditations of the philosophers were continually being interrupted by savage wars which ended in the spoliation and enslavement of the conquered party, after the country which had the misfortune to be their scene had been devastated. Artists erected sublime edifices, sculptured marvellous statues and bas-reliefs to embellish towns in which justice was non-existent, in which life and property were protected by no serious guarantee, in which the citizens spent their time in mutually proscribing, despoiling, and murdering each other. When one has obtained a precise idea of what justice meant in Athens in the time of Socrates, when one compares the horrible surrounding reality with the sublime visions with which the great thinker fed his mind, one is no longer surprised that Socrates was ready to drink hemlock. The death sentence which he almost provoked by his attitude during the trial, when he could easily have avoided it, seems to have been an original method of suicide practised by an old man who was disgusted with the world.

The history of Greece ends, indeed, like all the history of humanity, in the problem of problems: is war a necessity, or is it a punishment and a scourge? If it is at once a necessity and a scourge, why is humanity condemned to destroy itself, together with the hardly-won and glorious achievements of past generations? The human mind revolves round this insoluble problem since the beginning of all centuries. Some approximate answer appears to be possible. If one compares ancient history with the history of modern Europe, it is easy to see that war is sometimes a necessity, under the two forms of foreign and internal war which it assumes, for the formation of states and for the development of civilisations; but on one

(Continued on page 460.)



THE SCENE OF THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY SEAPLANE RACE: AN "AERIAL" DRAWING OF THE COURSE ALONG THE LIDO AT VENICE (LOOKING SOUTH-WEST).

This year's race for the Schneider International Seaplane Trophy has been fixed to be flown at Venice on September 25. The course, as our drawing shows, is along the sea front of the Lido, and the race will afford a fine spectacle to the many visitors at that famous Italian resort. The competitors include three British, three Italian, and one American. The British have great hopes of success, as the Royal Air Force has built six special high-speed machines, from which the entrants will be selected. The team of British pilots is headed by Squadron-Leader L. H. Slatter, who made the first practice flight at Venice on September 10. The Italian team was expected there in a few days.

seems to have dominated an imposing collection of territories, in which rich regions were numerous.

But then the singular phenomenon ensued which M. Barbagallo has studied so deeply and at such great length: the outward expansion exhausted the internal sources of Greek genius; Greater Greece, in Asia and Africa killed the mother country, Greece proper, by exhaustion. Greece was too poor and too small to face the competition of richer and greater countries, when her energy and intelligence went out to perfect and direct their work. The supremacy in arts and industries which had constituted her wealth and glory passed to the Asiatic and African centres of Greek culture: Pergamos, Antioch, and Alexandria threw Athens and Corinth into the shade, so that

"THE DIFFERENCE IS ONLY QUANTITATIVE": SKULLS OF APE AND MAN.



ANTHROPOID APE.—Of the existing anthropoid apes the chimpanzee and gorilla share the greatest number of characters with man. The temporal lines (1) indicating temporal muscles are usually very close together. The frontal region (2) is depressed, and heavy bony ridges (3) overhang the orbits.

PITHECANTHROPUS, OR APE-MAN OF JAVA.—The top of the skull is flat and elongated. The breadth of the brain-case is only about 70 per cent. of the length. The temporal muscles were much smaller than in existing anthropoids. The flat frontal region and heavy brow ridges give the brain-case a decidedly ape-like appearance.

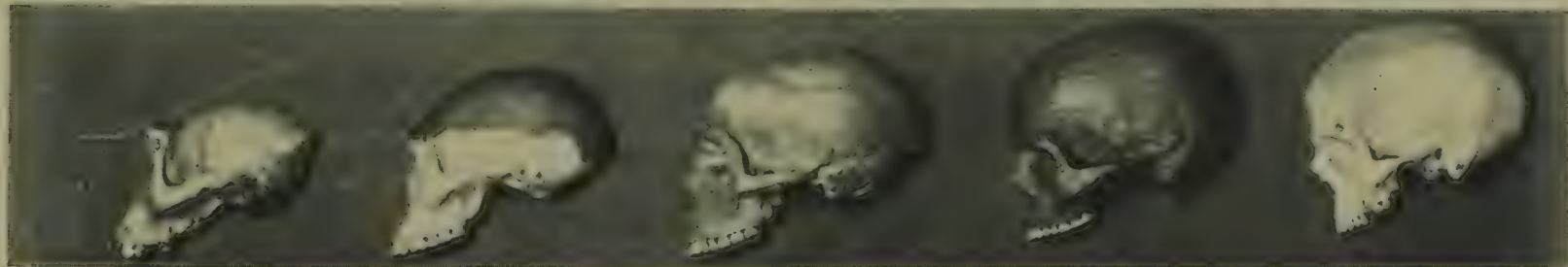
NEANDERTHAL MAN.—This skull resembles somewhat that of Pithecanthropus which precedes it. Most conspicuous are the large dimensions, flat top, and elongation of the brain-case. The width of the brain-case is about 75 per cent. of the length. The orbits are overhung by heavy bony arches.

CRO-MAGNON MAN.—This skull is characterised by its very large size. The brain-case is elongated, and the width is about 74 per cent. of the length. The parietal regions are very prominent. As in modern man, the temporal lines are widely separated, the frontal region is well filled, and the brow ridges are very small.

MODERN MAN—LONG-HEADED TYPE.—Many racial types of modern man have elongated brain-cases. Long-headedness is characteristic of the people of the north and south of Europe, and other regions. The temporal lines (1) are wide apart, the frontal region (2) well filled, and the supra-orbital ridges reduced.

MODERN MAN—SHORT-HEADED TYPE.—Among finds of fossil man, short-headedness occurs for the first time in the upper Paleolithic. Among living races, short-headedness is typical of various peoples. The temporal lines (1) are widely separated, the frontal region (2) well filled, and the supra-orbital ridges inconspicuous.

FOSSIL SKULLS OF EARLY MAN COMPARED WITH EXISTING ANTHROPOID APES AND MODERN MAN: TOP VIEW, SHOWING GRADUAL INCREASE OF BRAIN-CASE, AND REDUCTION IN EYEBROW-RIDGES.



ANTHROPOID APE.—In the skull of apes the facial part is more conspicuous than the brain-case. In this skull the frontal region is very low and slopes very gradually backward. The face projects beyond the brain-case. The brow ridges are large and prominent.

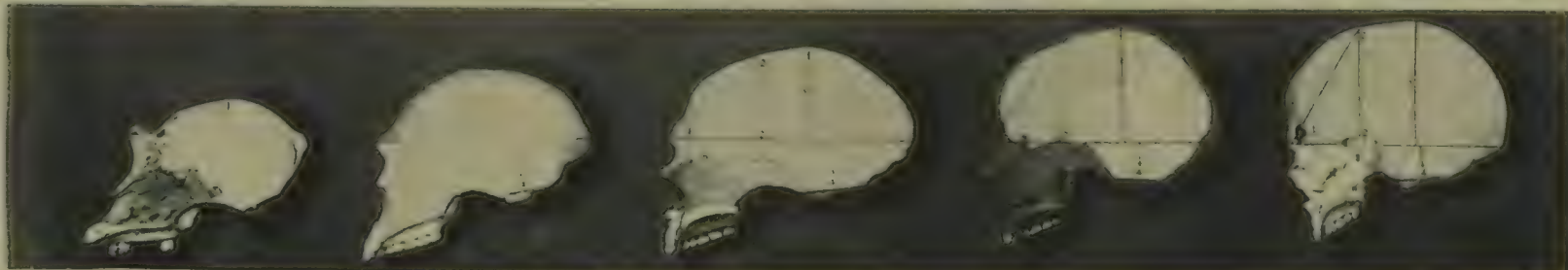
PITHECANTHROPUS—APE-MAN OF JAVA.—The facial portion of this skull is a hypothetical restoration. In the original, only the skull cap was found. The very low frontal region is still within the maximum range of existing anthropoid apes. The brow-ridges give the skull an ape-like appearance.

NEANDERTHAL MAN.—This skull from La Chapelle-aux-Saints shows well the characters of Neanderthal Man. Morphologically this skull is the logical successor of Pithecanthropus. The frontal region is very low. The face is projecting; the brow-ridges are massive, and the mastoid processes comparatively small.

CRO-MAGNON MAN.—The Cro-Magnon man approaches modern man very closely in all the characters shown in this view. The frontal region is elevated. The face is less massive and projects only slightly. The brow-ridges are reduced and the mastoid processes very large.

MODERN MAN.—Among modern European peoples the frontal region is well filled. The face is small and retreating beneath the brain-case, the brow-ridges reduced, and the mastoid processes fairly large. Many modern races show these individual characters in an equally primitive form.

PROFILE VIEWS OF THE FIRST FOUR OF THE SKULLS SHOWN IN THE TOP ROW, AND OF ONE MODERN SKULL (EXTREME RIGHT): A SERIES IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, SHOWING GRADUAL ELEVATION OF THE BRAIN-CASE, ESPECIALLY THE FRONTAL REGION, AND DECREASE IN SIZE AND RETRACTION OF THE FACE AND IN SIZE OF BROW RIDGES.



ANTHROPOID APE.—In the above skull the frontal region is low, and the bregma angle (1) very small. The bregma (2) is situated far back. The entire brain-case is very low. The height at (3) is only about 22 per cent. of the length. The foramen magnum (4) is directed backward.

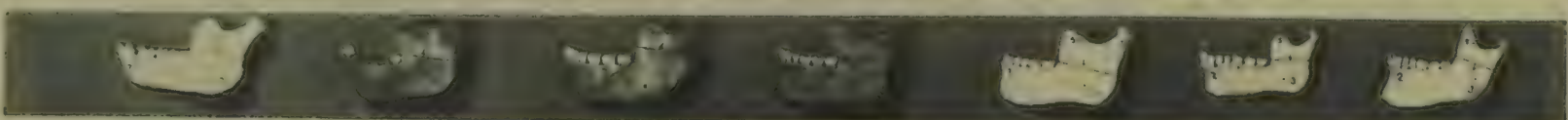
PITHECANTHROPUS—APE-MAN OF JAVA.—The frontal region as recorded by the bregma (1) is very low. The bregma (2) is far back. The height of the brain-case (3) is only about 34 per cent. of the length. In these characters Pithecanthropus is nearer to the apes than to man.

NEANDERTHAL MAN.—In Neanderthal man we have a stage intermediate between Pithecanthropus and modern man. The bregma angle (1) is small; the bregma itself (2) is well back. The brain-case is low, and height at (3) only 40 to 44 per cent. of the length.

CRO-MAGNON MAN.—Cro-Magnon man also takes on a modern aspect in this view. The bregma angle (1) is fairly large; the bregma (2) is moderately well forward. The height at (3) is about 50 per cent. of the length. These same values are found in modern man.

MODERN MAN.—In modern man the bregma angle (1) is open about 58 degrees. The bregma (2) is situated well forward. The brain-case is high and the height at (3) is 56 per cent. of the length. The foramen magnum (4) is directed slightly forward.

THE SAGITTAL SECTION: THE SAME SERIES OF SKULLS, SHOWING THE GRADUAL ELEVATION OF THE FRONTAL REGION, AS RECORDED BY THE BREGMA ANGLE (1), CONSEQUENT MOVING FORWARD OF THE BREGMA (2), A GREAT INCREASE IN THE HEIGHT OF THE BRAIN-CASE (3), AND THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE FORAMEN MAGNUM (4).



ANTHROPOID APE.—The chin (1) is entirely lacking; the canine tooth (2) large; the angle of the jaw (3) strong; the ascending ramus (4) fairly wide; and the sigmoid notch (5) shallow. Typical of existing anthropoid apes.

HEIDELBERG MAN.—Of this pre-Neanderthaloid type we have only a lower jaw. It is characterised by its enormous size and is completely beyond the range of variation of modern man. The chin (1) is lacking.

NEANDERTHAL MAN.—The jaw of Neanderthal man differs from modern man principally in lacking a chin (1) and in its enormous size. The canine (2) is reduced, as in modern man. The angle (3) of the jaw is strong.

CRO-MAGNON MAN.—The mandible of Cro-Magnon man is decidedly modern. The chin is well developed; the canine teeth small; the angle of the jaw moderately strong; ascending ramus fairly wide, and sigmoid notch shallow.

MODERN MAN—ESKIMOID TYPE.—The Eskimo probably has the most massive jaw of any living race. The angle (3) is very strong, ascending ramus (4) unusually wide, and the sigmoid notch (5) shallow.

MODERN MAN—NEGROID TYPE.—The lower jaws of certain Negroid and Australoid racial types have a poorly developed chin (1). However, the canine teeth (2) are reduced in size, and the angle of the jaw (3) is strong.

MODERN MAN—EUROPEAN TYPE.—Modern European races probably have the smallest and weakest jaws among living mankind. The angle (3) is weak, ramus (4) narrow, sigmoid notch (5) deep. The chin (1) very prominent.

THE LOWER JAW (MANDIBLE) OF ANTHROPOID APES COMPARED WITH THAT OF THREE TYPES OF PREHISTORIC MAN AND THREE OF MODERN MAN: A SERIES SHOWING, CHRONOLOGICALLY, GRADUAL DEVELOPMENTS OF THE CHIN, REDUCTION IN SIZE OF CANINE TOOTH, WEAKENING OF THE ANGLE, DECREASE IN WIDTH OF RAMUS, AND DEEPENING OF SIGMOID NOTCH.



GORILLA.—This front view of the skull of a gorilla illustrates the large size of the face in proportion to the brain-case, and the flatness of the latter. It also illustrates the great prominence of the eyebrow-ridges and the absence of any groove to separate the nose from the rest of the face.

PITHECANTHROPUS.—The face below the eyebrow-ridges is purely hypothetical, as no part of the face but some teeth was recovered. The outstanding feature is extreme flatness of brain-case, and great prominence of eyebrow-ridges, unparalleled in any human specimen except the Rhodesian skull.

NEANDERTHAL MAN.—Though the head is flatter than in modern man, the brain-case is much greater than in Pithecanthropus. Its flatness is due to proportions of parts of brain being different. The face is larger and grosser than in modern man. No defined groove separates nose from face, so they form a snout.

CRO-MAGNON MAN.—This skull displays features of the species to which modern man belongs. Its brain-case is loftier and forehead fuller, due to expansion of front of brain. The face is smaller than in Neanderthal man; nose separated by grooves. Cro-Magnon man conforms to the type of Homo Sapiens.

THE NEGRO SKULL.—The Negro skull represents a lowly living type, not so highly endowed as Cro-Magnon man, who was probably more nearly related to us. Here the brain-case is smaller and forehead less developed, with flatter nose and face less like the modern European than is Cro-Magnon man.

THE EUROPEAN MAN.—In this random sample of a European, the brain-case, although lofty, does not appear as big as that of Cro-Magnon man, but there is a wider variability in modern Europeans than any other group. The chief difference from the Negro is the narrow, high-bridged nose.

A SERIES OF SIX SKULLS TO ILLUSTRATE THE CHANGING FORM AND PROPORTIONS OF THE FACE AND BRAIN-CASE, AS SEEN FROM IN FRONT, IN AN APE, COMPARED WITH FOSSIL AND LIVING MAN.

This series of photographs was published in our pages a few years ago, but it is well worth repeating in view of the great topical interest in the subject aroused by Sir Arthur Keith's address to the British Association. He quoted Prof. G. Elliot Smith as saying: "No structure found in the brain of an ape is lacking in the human brain, and, on the other hand, the human brain reveals no formation that is not present in the brain of the gorilla or chimpanzee."

The only distinctive feature of the human brain is a quantitative one." Sir Arthur continued: "The difference is only quantitative, but its importance cannot be exaggerated. In the anthropoid brain are to be recognised all those parts which have become so enormous in the human brain. It is the expansion of just those parts which have given man his powers of feeling, understanding, acting, speaking, and learning."

AN EXHIBIT IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AT NEW YORK. BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD; AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



THE LEADING BRITISH PILOT FOR THE SCHNEIDER CUP RACE, SQUADRON-LEADER L. H. SCATTER LEAVING HIS SUPERMARINE NAPHER SEAPLANE AFTER A PRACTICE FLIGHT AT VENICE IN WHICH HE ATTAINED REMARKABLE SPEED.



WRECKED BY A CRASH INTO THE SEA AT VENICE DURING A TRIAL FLIGHT BY FLYING-OFFICER H. M. SCHOFIELD; THE SHORT-BRISTOL MONOPLANE "CRUSADER," ONE OF THE BRITISH SCHNEIDER CUP MACHINES.



ONE OF SIX BRITISH PLANES, FROM WHICH THREE ARE TO BE SELECTED FOR THE SCHNEIDER CUP RACE, RECENTLY SENT TO VENICE: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT S. M. KINKAD IN THE GLOSTER NAPHER MACHINE AFTER A SPEED TRIAL.



A REMARKABLE CRAFT THAT CROSSED THE CHANNEL FROM BOULOGNE TO DOVER (21 MILES) IN 26 MINUTES WITH FOUR PEOPLE ON BOARD: THE "PUCE DE LA MER" (SEA FLEA) IN DOVER HARBOUR.



MR. G. A. DE LISLE LEE.



LADY MARLING.



SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, F.R.S.



LADY MARY TREFUSIS.



CARLO GIANI.



MR. JOHN MCCARTHY.



COLONEL P. H. FAWCETT.



COLONEL SIR EDWARD T. THACKERAY.



BEATEN BY THE AMERICAN TEAM IN THE FIRST POLO TEST MATCH: THE BRITISH (ARMY IN INDIA) TEAM.—(L. TO R.) CAPT. C. E. PERT, MAJ. A. H. WILLIAMS, CAPT. C. T. I. ROARE, AND MAJ. E. G. ATKINSON.



VICTORS IN THE FIRST OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCHES AT MEADOW BROOK: THE U.S. TEAM.—(L. TO R.) MR. MESSRS. J. WATSON WEBB, T. HITCHCOCK, JUN., M. STEVENSON, AND D. MILBURN.



A FAMOUS LONDON MONUMENT TO BE REMOVED: THE STATUE OF CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM, FOUNDER OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.



PILOTS OF THE MISSING ATLANTIC AEROPLANE "SIR JOHN CARLING": (L. TO R.) CAPT. T. B. TULLY AND LIEUT. J. V. MEDCALF.



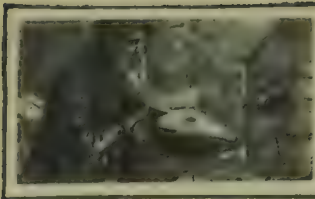
OCCUPANTS OF THE MISSING ATLANTIC MONOPLANE "OLD GLORY": (L. TO R.) MR. LLOYD BERTAUD; MR. PHILIP PAYNE; MR. J. D. HILL.



THE GENERAL ELECTION IN THE IRISH FREE STATE: GENERAL MULCAHY (CENTRE BACKGROUND) SPEAKING AT A LARGE OPEN-AIR MEETING IN DUBLIN IN SUPPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT CANDIDATES.

Six British seaplanes—high-speed machines specially built for the R.A.F.—were recently sent to Venice in readiness for the Schneider International Trophy race on September 25. Three of the six machines are to be selected for use by the three British competitors. One of them—the Short-Bristol monoplane "Crusader"—crashed and sank in the sea during a trial flight on September 11. The pilot, Flying-Officer H. M. Schofield, was rescued and taken to hospital. The "Puce de la Mer" (Sea Flea), which recently arrived at Dover from Boulogne, was designed by M. Georges de Gasenko, and is described as half-seaplane and half-motor-boat. She skims along the water at seventy-five miles an hour.—Mr. G. A. de Lisle Lee was a son of the late Dr. F. G. Lee, the famous Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth.—Lady Marling received the C.B.E. in 1920 for her work for the Red Cross and the succour of refugees.—Sir William Bragg is well known to our readers from several series of his popular lectures on scientific subjects published in our pages.—Lady Mary Trefusis became a Lady-in-Waiting in 1895, and Woman of the Bedchamber in 1901.—The London-to-Brighton Walk, on September 10, was begun in the worst

weather ever experienced for it. Carlo Giani's time was therefore excellent.—Superintendent McCarthy accompanied the King (then Prince of Wales) to Canada, and to Madrid for the wedding of King Alfonso.—Colonel P. H. Fawcett left England in 1925 to explore the Brazilian jungle for lost cities, and hoped to find the Inca treasure. Doubt was cast on the recent report that he had been found.—Sir Edward Thackeray won the V.C. for extinguishing a fire in the Delhi magazine on September 16, 1857.—In the first of this year's international polo test matches, played in America on September 10, the United States beat the British (Army) in India by 13 goals to 3. The second test was fixed for September 14.—The statue of Captain Coram at the Foundling Hospital is to be removed to Redhill, where the Foundling now has its temporary quarters.—Captain Tully and Lieutenant Medcalf left Newfoundland on September 7 to fly across the Atlantic to Croydon in the "Sir John Carling".—Mr. Lloyd Bertaud and Mr. J. D. Hill (pilots) with Mr. Philip Payne as passenger, left Maine, U.S.A., on September 6, in the "Old Glory" monoplane, to fly to Rome. Early on September 7 they sent out an S.O.S. call for help.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



JADE-GREEN LIZARDS OF JERSEY.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE just returned from my first visit to Jersey, and I left it with regret; for it is an island of singular beauty. The coast scenery is everywhere fine, and, in places, such as Bouley Bay, magnificent. Its wooded valleys are extremely beautiful; but,

alas! their southern slopes are being despoiled to make room for tomatoes, which are now regarded as a more important crop than the potato. If some rich man would buy up these slopes and present them to the islanders, with an endowment equal to the value of the tomatoes which could be grown there—the revenue thus derived to form part of the revenue of the island—he would confer a boon on generations yet unborn!

I chose Jersey for my holiday this year not so much for the sake of its physical features as for the exploration of its zoological treasures and its prehistoric monuments. But I soon discovered that I should require months, not weeks, for the fulfilment of my quest. Nevertheless, I have returned with overflowing note-books, and rich with the spoils of the sea.

On these last I must enlarge on another occasion. To-day I want to dwell on the salient features of the island, and some of its more important animals.

To begin with, a word must be said of the time before Jersey was Jersey. That is to say, when it and its sister islands were but parts of a common land-mass which filled the whole of what is now the English Channel. Along the centre of this now submerged area ran a great river, relics of which are left to-day in the Seine and the Sienne. The estuary of this great stream may be placed somewhere between, say, the Lizard and Roscof, but nearer to the French than to the English coast. This period carries us back to Mid-Pliocene times, hundreds of thousands of years ago. After periods of subsidence of varying magnitude, during which the British Islands ceased to be "continental," came the Great Forest Period, with remains of early man; a time when the English Channel was once again a great forest-covered area. To-day, on our own shores, as well as on those of the Channel Islands, low tides expose the stumps of the trees which grew there.

It is necessary to bear these geographical and geological facts in mind if we are to appreciate the origin of the fauna and flora of the Channel Islands and our own. Those who would follow up the details of the various vicissitudes which have befallen the English Channel should turn to the lucid pages of Sinel's "Prehistoric Times and Men of the Channel Islands." Of prehistoric man in Jersey, I may say no more now than that I was shown one of the finest dolmens in Europe, the recently discovered dolmen of La Hogue Bie, and some human remains which seem to me to indicate the existence of a hitherto unsuspected race of pigmies. But of these I hope to have something to say later.

Of the animal life of these islands, and of Jersey in particular, I would fain speak at length; but this is a theme too large to be attempted on this page. Of "fish, flesh and fowl," as its most admirable Museum

shows, it possesses a number of extremely interesting types. But, while proud of their Museum, as they may well be, the inhabitants as a whole seem singularly indifferent to the fate which threatens some of their most interesting species. Bird Protection Acts are unknown in the island, and dealers have been allowed to export the beautiful green lizard (Fig. 2) in thousands; as many as one hundred dozen have been sent off in one consignment! This is deplorable, for the green lizard is one of Jersey's most precious possessions. Yet it is now on the verge of extermination; indeed, but for the fact that it is jealously guarded on one or two private properties, it would already have become extinct!

Can nothing be done to stop this abominable exploitation? It seems incredible that the islanders can be so stupidly blind as to allow this to go on without protest. While I found this state of affairs bewailed by a few thoughtful naturalists, the people, as a whole, seem unable to grasp the responsibility which rests on them to preserve, so far as in them

not remove thy neighbour's landmark," for such is the lizard to the student of the geographical distribution of animals, as well as to those engaged in the study of "ecology," or the life-history of animals in relation to their surroundings. Not merely future generations of Jerseymen are being robbed of their birthright, but students of animal life at large are being deprived of valuable material for investigation, by this amazing apathy.

As touching this matter of "ecology," the green lizard was found all over the island, save for a small area some three miles long held by the much smaller wall-lizard (Fig. 3). As yet no one can interpret this peculiarity of distribution. The wall-lizard can hardly have ousted its larger relative by force. Has competition for food been the factor, or some as yet undiscovered peculiarity of the territory held by the smaller species?

The wall-lizard, in the locality where I found it, swarmed, but wild horses will not drag from me the place of its retreat, lest a demand be created for specimens. The consequent exploitation by dealers could exterminate it in a single summer! A discreet silence, too, I must keep concerning green lizards much larger than those of Jersey, and living within the Channel Island area. But the clue given me as to the nature of the "Food of the Gods" which probably explains this relative "giantism" promises, when investigated, to reveal some valuable data in regard to isolation and food-supply. As touching the habits and food of the wall-lizard I hope to say something on another occasion.

Finally, in company with my friend Mr. Baal, who knows every rock-pool in the island, I made captures of some exceedingly interesting crustacea which I had never seen before alive, and which, so far as I can make out, have never been described, as living animals, in any text-book. These I propose to speak of in the near future, when I hope also to comment on the scarcity of some other unfamiliar but extremely interesting marine animals. In their case it does not seem that man's agency has had any part in that scarcity.

The "tow-netting" expeditions I had so much counted on came to naught owing to the stormy weather prevailing during my stay, and this also accounted for the absence of many things I had hoped to find in the rock-pools. Barnacles and limpets can stand the fury of the wildest storms, but such as cannot anchor themselves or burrow deep are swept out to deeper water. Better luck, perchance, will be mine on my next visit.



FIG. 2. IN DANGER OF EXTERMINATION: THE GREEN LIZARD OF JERSEY, WHICH HAS BEEN EXPORTED IN THOUSANDS (HERE SHOWN REDUCED IN SIZE).

The green lizard of Jersey, like the Jersey toad, is now in grave danger of extermination. The demand for specimens abroad has practically destroyed the lizard; the poison-spray has probably exterminated the toad—an unfortunate result, since it plays a most important part in keeping down insect pests.

lies, the wild creatures of this island. They are the trustees for posterity, and a sorry account they will have to give of their stewardship unless they take prompt measures to put an end to this lamentable state of affairs.

They seem unable to realise the fact that not merely the green lizard, but other threatened species are an asset to the island, for they attract visitors who, like myself, go there for the very purpose of studying these creatures in their native wilds. When they are gone, we shall no longer make this a place of pilgrimage. They forget the injunction, "Thou shalt

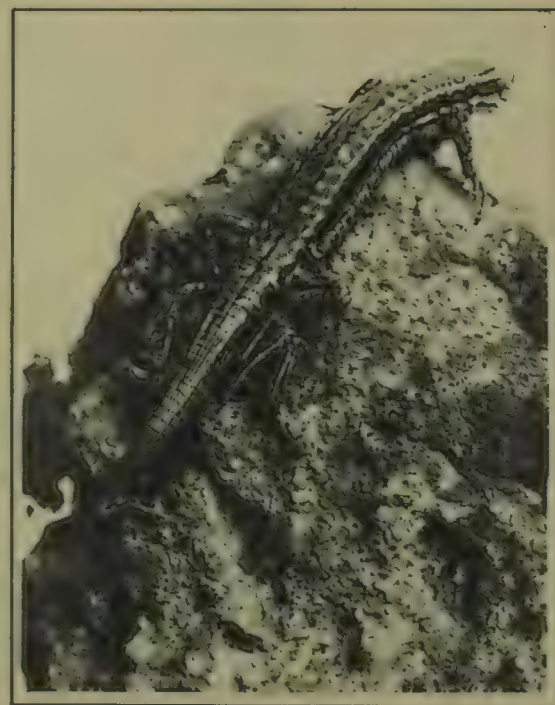


FIG. 3. THE WALL-LIZARD OF JERSEY: A SPECIES SMALLER THAN THE GREEN LIZARD, AND FOUND ONLY IN A PART OF THE ISLAND.

The wall-lizard is still abundant in Jersey, though confined to a small area of the coast, not more than three miles in length. The male is larger and more brilliantly coloured than the female, the throat and belly being of a bright scarlet.



A CHARACTERISTIC FEATURE OF THE CAPE: AN OLD DUTCH HOMESTEAD.

Among the most delightful features of the Cape are the old-type Dutch dwellings, many of which date back to the earliest period of European settlement in South Africa, the seventeenth century. All these homes of long ago have distinctive architectural attractions, notably fine, imposing gables. They are very substantially built, and,

with their large and lofty rooms, are excellently suited to the summer climate of South Africa. Their white walls, thatched roofs, and quaint frontages are a characteristic of landscapes in the Cape Western Province, particularly in the beautiful valleys where the vineyards and orchards are located.



A SEA-BIRD SANCTUARY: ON BIRD ISLAND, ALGOA BAY, SOUTH AFRICA.

Bird Island, near Port Elizabeth, on the South African coast, is one of several groups of guano islands owned by the South African Government. These islands are worked by the Agricultural Department chiefly for the production of fertilisers; but penguins' eggs, sealskins, and seal-oil are also obtained from them. The guano is deposited during the breeding season by young sea-birds—principally penguins (*Spheniscus demersus*), malsas (*Sula capensis*), and sea ducks (*genus Phalacrocorax*)—all rigorously protected by law against capture or molestation—and it is collected immediately after that season (September

to March). The average annual yield from the various islands amounts to approximately 9000 tons. The product is sold in pulverised form, and is used chiefly in the cultivation of cereals and vegetables, but is also extensively employed in young orchards and vineyards. The guano islands, with their feathered inhabitants, are an interesting feature of South African travel, which is coming into such favour, and concerning which our readers can obtain information from the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

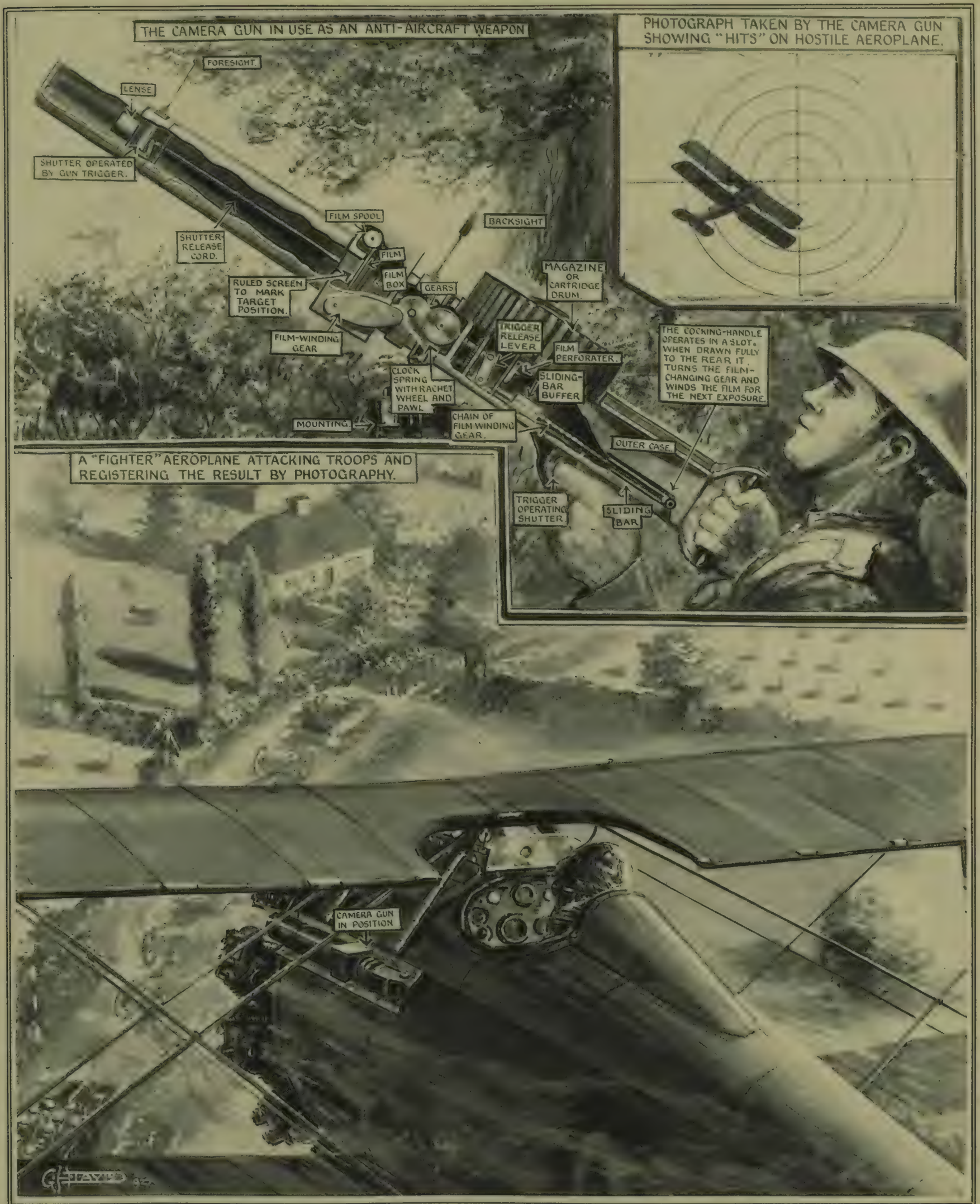


Rover cars have always been noted for their sturdy build, hence the association of ideas which has given rise to the well-known Rover figure, shown above. It is a happy symbol. Incidentally, the actual Rover car model illustrated is the 1928 "Paris" model Weymann saloon—a car that has captured the fancy of hundreds of motorists, for there is certainly no light saloon on the market which possesses so many features that the motorist looks for in an up-to-date car. It has a body width inside of no less than 48 ins., there are four wide doors, and the seating

is upholstered in real leather. A choice of three body colours is given, brown and blue being available in place of the dark red illustrated. The engine is a nippy overhead valve four-cylinder, which develops 25 h.p., although the annual tax is only £10. The car carries four adults in very great comfort, yet it runs between 36 and 40 miles per gallon of petrol. Completely equipped, it costs but £250. The manufacturers are the Rover Company, Ltd., 61, New Bond Street, W. 1. and the works are at Coventry. The Rover is British-made throughout.

THE CAMERA "LEWIS" GUN: A PHOTOGRAPHIC "WEAPON" FOR AIRCRAFT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



USEFUL TO FIGHTING AEROPLANES AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS FOR REGISTERING RESULTS AND CORRECTING AIM, AND TO ARMY UMPIRES FOR CHECKING CLAIMS IN MIMIC WARFARE: THE CAMERA "LEWIS" GUN.

The camera gun was produced during the Great War for training aerial gunners, for, however precise they may be in other respects, if the crews of fighting aircraft make errors in aiming, this spells disaster in aerial fighting. The earliest types produced were simply a box with lens, shutter, and hand-operated film-changing device, the whole being strapped to a real gun. This proved to be unsatisfactory, and from it was developed a camera made similar in appearance to a Lewis gun, one that has proved a very useful training device. The camera gun has now been adopted by other branches of the Service, and is of use in mimic warfare,

such as the Army Manœuvres, for it can prove to the umpires the result of any claim to have placed some of the other side out of action. The gun is, not a cinema-camera, but a novel form of snapshot camera. Cinema cameras have been experimented with by the Air Ministry, but have not proved so efficient. The spade grip which swings the gun is gripped in the gunner's right hand, and the trigger operated by the left. In the centre of the gun is a box which carries the film. When in position the film is moved by pulling a handle that works in a slot. When the handle is pulled back it moves the film one exposure forward.

BRITISH ART IN VIENNA: MASTERPIECES FROM A GREAT EXHIBITION.



"NATURE UNADORNED." BY JOHN HOPPNER
(1758-1810)—LENT BY LADY SASSOON.



"LADY ELEANOR BRANDON." BY HANS
EWORTH (TUDOR PERIOD)—LENT BY
VISCOUNTESS FURNESS



"LADY NORTH." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
(1723-1792)—LENT BY SIR PHILIP SASSOON.



"MR. THOMAS HENRY RUMBOLD." BY SIR
JOSHUA REYNOLDS—LENT BY SIR JOSEPH
DUVEEN, BT.



"MRS. HERBERT." BY GEORGE ROMNEY
(1734-1802)—LENT BY LADY LOUIS MOUNT-
BATTEN.



"MISS PAPENDIEK." BY JOHN HOPPNER—
LENT BY MR. L. BREITMEYER.



"A BOY WITH A HOOP." BY JOHN OPIE
(1761-1807).



"CAPTAIN NEEDHAM." BY THOMAS
GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788)—LENT BY
THE EARL OF KILMOREY.



"LADY CHILSTON." BY (THE LATE) AM-
BROSE McEWRY—LENT BY MRS. CLAUDE
JOHNSON.

In Vienna, on September 8, the President of the Austrian Republic, Dr. Michael Hainisch, opened a memorable exhibition of masterpieces of British painters of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Practically all the pictures have been lent by private owners. The exhibition was arranged by Lord Chilston, British Minister in Vienna, and Lady Chilston, and Herr Franckenstein, Austrian Minister in London, aided by Sir Maurice de Bunsen,

ex-Ambassador to Vienna and President of the Anglo-Austrian Society, and Sir Joseph Duveen. The organising work was undertaken by Mr. Francis Howard, Chairman of the National Society of Portrait-Painters. The exhibition is held in the "Secession" building, where the gallery was specially redecorated in a shade of green to harmonise with the dark tones of the eighteenth-century masters. At the opening ceremony, Lord Chilston, speaking in German, expressed

[Continued opposite.

MAKING BRITISH ART KNOWN ABROAD: PICTURES EXHIBITED AT VIENNA.



"QUEEN ELIZABETH." BY MARC GHEERAERTS THE YOUNGER—
LENT BY VISCOUNTESS COWDRAY.



"COLONEL POCKLINGTON AND HIS TWO SISTERS, WITH A FAVOURITE HUNTER."
BY GEORGE STUBBS (1724-1806)—LENT BY MR. CHARLES S. CARSTAIRS.



"TWO BOYS." BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN (1756-1823)—
LENT BY MR. LEOPOLD HIRSCH.



"THE PATERSON CHILDREN." BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN—
LENT BY THE HON. MRS. RONALD GREVILLE.

(Continued.)

great satisfaction that it had been possible to exhibit to art-loving Austria these examples of British painting. When the exhibition was opened to the public, it was visited by large numbers of people, and promises to be a great attraction. Hitherto, it has been pointed out, British art has not been very well known on the Continent, probably because in the eighteenth century, when the great art collections were being formed, Englishmen were the chief collectors,

and, though they bought foreign works, few British pictures found their way abroad. The fact that so many private owners have generously lent their treasures to the Vienna exhibition lends it exceptional interest and importance. We reproduce here a selection from the most notable exhibits, and we may add that Hoppner's charming child-portrait, "Miss Papendiek," was given as a supplement in colours with our Christmas Number of 1919, under the title "Little Blue Eyes."

"NO MORTAL BEING COULD DETER ME": THE GAOL-BREAKER.

"THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF FREDERICK, BARON TRENCK." Edited by PHILIP MURRAY.*

FRIEDRICH, FREIHERR VON DER TRENCK was a devil of a fellow: some would have it, the very Devil himself! If ever lily were painted or refined gold gilt, it was when he donned a mask with a gigantic nose that a credulous burgess of Magdeburg might be privileged to see him as an imprisoned wizard and enrich Major Holtzkammer, of the garrison, by fifty rix-dollars. Even officers in charge of him were not too certain that he was merely facetious when he boasted: "Gentlemen, Beelzebub is my best and most intimate friend; he brings me everything I want; we sit up all night playing picquet and, guard me as closely as you please, he will deliver me out of your power presently."

There is not much to wonder at in this; for he was something of Brigadier Gérard, something of Tartarin, a little of Cyrano, and a deal of Houdini.

He was brought up to soldiering; he lived to be the most persistent and ingenious of gaol-breakers; and he died by the guillotine, accused of being an Austrian spy.

His father saw to it that he was no weakling. "A soldier himself, he would have all his sons the same," wrote the most notorious of those sons. "Thus when we quarrelled we were not permitted to terminate our disputes in the common way, but were provided with wooden sabres sheathed with leather, and, brandishing these, contested by blows for victory." The result was natural. At fourteen the young Trenck fought a fellow-student at the University of Königsberg and pinked him in the arm, and in the hand. Provoked again, he challenged again; and of this he noted: "This continual success highly inflated my valour, and from that time I began to wear a sword of enormous length and to assume the accoutrements and appearance of a Hector."

Then he was presented to Frederick the Great, and entered the Royal Bodyguard as a cadet. Nothing could have given him more satisfaction. "Their uniform was the most splendid in all Europe. Two thousand rix-dollars were needed to equip an officer; the cuirass was entirely plated with silver; and the horse, saddlery, and accoutrements alone cost four hundred rix-dollars. . . . There are no soldiers in the world who undergo so much training as this bodyguard, and during the time I was in the service of Frederick I often had not eight hours' sleep in eight days. Parade was at four in the morning. . . . Ditches of three, four, five, six feet and even wider were leaped, till someone broke his neck. . . . In these exercises we often had several men or horses killed or wounded. . . . In short, I cannot give a better picture of this service than by saying that the bodyguard lost more men and horses in one year's peace than they did during the following year in two battles."

In just over six weeks Trenck was given a commission as a cornet. His fortune seemed made; but, alas for his fortune, he fell in love. He does not name the high-born lady, his "best friend and benefactress"; but, despite Carlyle, she would appear to have been the Princess Amelia, sister of the King.

Envy intervened; yet it was well with Trenck until he was accused of treasonable correspondence with his kinsman Franz, Freiherr von der Trenck, that cousin who had sent to him a captured groom and two chargers, with a pandour trumpeter bearing the message: "The Austrian Trenck is not at war with the Prussian Trenck, but, on the contrary, is happy to have recovered these horses from his hussars and to return them to whom they first belonged."

"Storm and thunder shall rend your heart. Beware!" the angry King had roared on a previous occasion. Doubtless, he repeated his oath after Sarau when he knew of the rumoured Amelia *affaire* and also that the camp postman had brought his Trenck a letter from the enemy Trenck containing the dangerous lines: ". . . should you think fit, come and join one who will receive you with open arms like his friend and son."

Trenck was arrested and was "conducted, unheard, unaccused, unjudged, and like a criminal, from the army by fifty hussars, and imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz." The fetters were feather-light: Trenck had his servants, and the garrison officers were as poverty-stricken as was customary. "I soon had both friends and freedom," commented the captive, rejoicing in his command of ready cash, "and the rich prisoner kept open table every day." Immediately, he began to plan escape. A notched penknife and a file supplied by a bribable officer cut through window-

bars, strips of leather from a portmanteau and torn bed-sheets acted as rope; but one safeguard had been forgotten—mud-and-water. "I sunk up to the knees," it is recorded, "and after long struggling and incredible efforts to extricate myself was obliged to call the sentry and tell him to go and inform the Governor that Trenck was stuck fast in the moat!"

Followed a rash dash for liberty, with the Governor's

strategy of blood-stains and a tale of attack, and, eventually, a crossing of the frontier.

So far, so good. Subsequent happenings were strenuous and strange.

In due course Trenck, having adventured in Vienna and in the Russian army, fell into Prussian hands at Dantzic, where he was delivered up as a delinquent. Thence he was conveyed to Magdeburg.

His dungeon was in a casemate. After six months of burrowing with iron strips and nails from cell-fixtures, an old ramrod and a sheath-knife, and splinters from his bedstead, he had penetrated a seven-foot-thick wall of brick and hewn stones, all save an outer facing of brick, and he had made a rope from the hair of his mattress.

Destiny had ruled, however, that he was to be a prisoner at Magdeburg for nine years, five months, and some days. He was betrayed; and the Star Fort received him.

"I was led into my new cell," he wrote in his reminiscences. "The bandage was taken from my eyes. God in heaven! What were my feelings when I beheld by the light of a few torches the whole floor covered with chains, a brazier's furnace, and two grim men standing with hammers beside an anvil!"

"One end of an enormous chain was fixed to my ankle, the other to a ring built into the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. They next riveted another huge iron ring of a hand's breadth round my naked body, to which hung a chain fixed to an iron bar

as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet long, and at each end of it was a handcuff. . . . My cell was about eight feet by ten. . . . The name of TRENCK was built into the wall in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone with the name of TRENCK also cut upon it and carved with a death's head. . . . The only movements I could make were those of jumping upwards or swinging my arms in order to warm myself."

Fit setting for a gaol-bird with unclippable wings! Came despair; then a revival of fortitude. And then, need it be said? renewal of the desire to force a way out. "Incessant and incredible labour" did much. In agony, a hand was squeezed through its encircling cuff; with diligence, the rubbing of a rivet on the bricks released the other; sheer force opened a link of the body-chain and wrenched away the leg chain: "Nature having bestowed great strength upon me." A concealed knife did the rest. At visiting hours all had to seem normal, and the bonds appear sound. Yet the desperate man cut through the oak of three doors and a part of a fourth before his blade snapped. It was the end. Trenck slashed veins of arm and foot and sat down to die. A faithful grenadier hailed him and gave him hope. He crawled back to his cell. To this, enter the Town Major and the Governor. Trenck threatened them and their escort with bricks and broken knife—and won his condition, that if he surrendered no further notice should be taken of the affair.

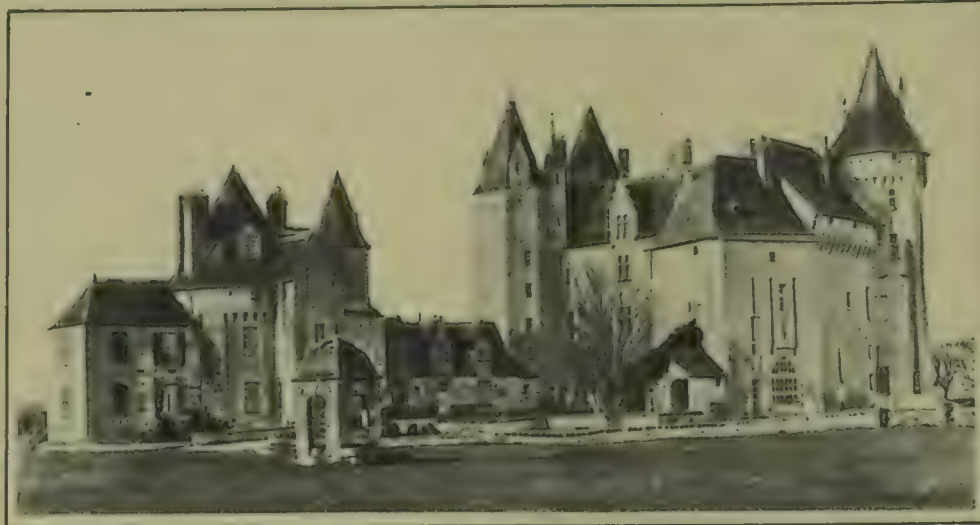
At intervals after that compassion and cash secured him certain amenities, even means of escape; but he was held securely until after the Seven Years War.

Vigilance or venality countered his every wile—and he added to his burdens "a monstrous iron collar, a hand's breadth thick," fastened to his ankle chains with heavy links. Money, which he always obtained with ease from mistress or from estate, bought indebted officers and mutinous men, files and material for sand-bags; he could remove and replace severed irons at will; he mined like a mole; he even had a vision of seizing Magdeburg, the arsenal, and the royal treasury, with a discontented soldiery and captive Croats as his allies.

But he was to remain in durance. Folly blurted out suspicious sayings and doings; infamy sold the trustful; changes of garrison made "an old prisoner in a new world"; the sharp ears of a sentry heard scratchings underground—and so it went on to the bitter-sweet moment of release, with its petty promotion to Major: "A major's commission could be bought by any boy for a few thousand florins!"

That Trenck did not lack material for the Autobiography that was the famous sequel to his astounding, his almost Munchausen-like, career as soldier, prisoner, gaol-breaker, and the rest is evident. Mr. Philip Murray is to be thanked for having re-created interest in an amazing adventurer who, whether the persecuted innocent of his own life-story or the liar and scoundrel of Carlyle's belief, was at least a man, and as ingenious as he was courageous. "No mortal being could deter me from attempting to obtain my freedom." Those words of his should have been his epitaph.

E. H. G.



MAETERLINCK'S NEW HOME IN TOURAINE, NEAR THE SUPPOSED BIRTHPLACE OF RABELAIS: THE PICTURESQUE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CHÂTEAU OF COUDRAY-MONTPENSIER.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian author, has just acquired the Château of Coudray-Montpensier, about four miles from Chinon, in Touraine, a picturesque old building dating from the fifteenth century. It stands on a hill between the Valley of Seully and the Valley of Négron. "In the same Commune of Seully," says a French writer, "is the estate of Deinière or Devinière, where Rabelais was probably born." There are also ruins of an abbey where he is said to have studied.

sword as *aide*—and speedy recapture; the purchase of a non-commissioned officer and thirty-two disgruntled men—and betrayal, with a strengthening of the guard but without the infliction of irons, "for it was a law in Prussia that no gentleman or officer should be loaded with chains unless he had been handed over to the executioner." Then better fortune, an officer friend, a false key, leaps from the rampart, flight as the alarm guns were fired, a swim across the freezing Neisse,



Frederic Baron Trenck.

STANDING ON THE TOMBSTONE CARVED WITH HIS NAME AND WEARING THE IRON COLLAR: TRENCK IN HIS CELL IN THE STAR FORT AT MAGDEBURG.

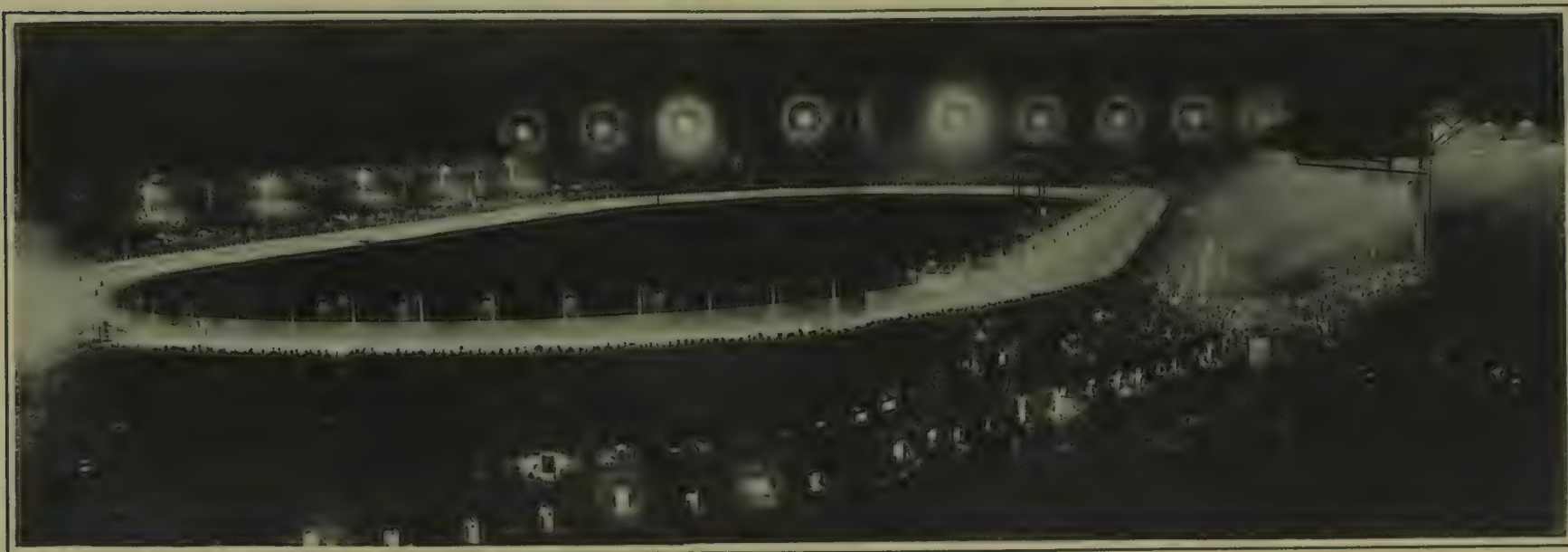
Reproduced from "The Strange Adventures of Frederick, Baron Trenck," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Philip Allan and Co.

* "The Strange Adventures of Frederick, Baron Trenck." Edited by Philip Murray. (Philip Allan and Co.; 10s. 6d. net.)

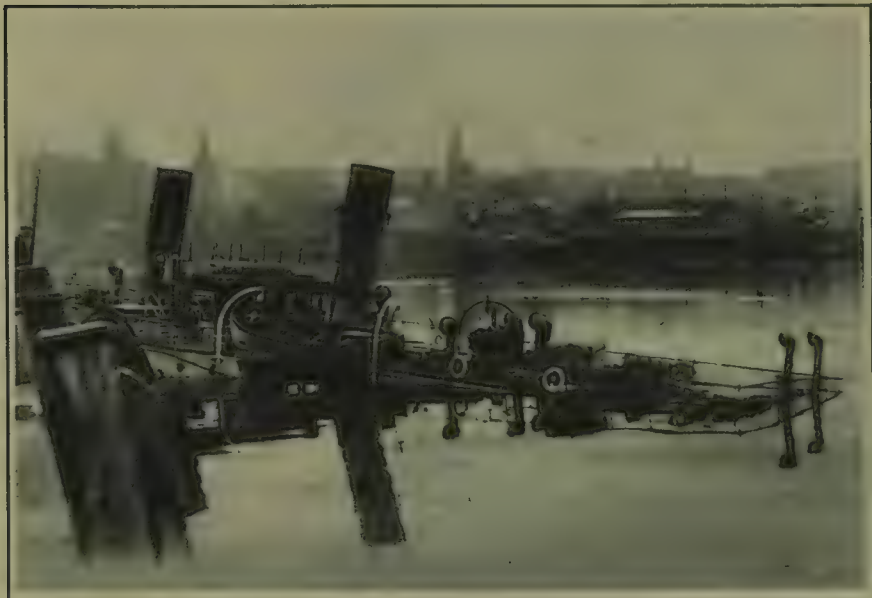
HOME NEWS
OF
THE WEEK:
NOTABLE
EVENTS
AND
OCCASIONS
RECORDED
BY
CAMERA.



THIRTEENTH-CENTURY SCENES IN A MEDIAEVAL SETTING: THE PAGEANT AT CONWAY CASTLE ON THE CENTENARY OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE—A CHILDREN'S DANCE DURING A PICTURESQUE EPISODE DEALING WITH THE OLD PEARL-FISHERIES OF CONWAY.



THE LONDONER'S NEW DIVERSION—GREYHOUND-RACING AT NIGHT—WHICH HAS BECOME IMMENSELY POPULAR AND ATTRACTS A CROWD OF SOME 75,000 PEOPLE: A REMARKABLE PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ILLUMINATED COURSE AT THE WHITE CITY, SHOWING ALL THE STANDS PACKED WITH SPECTATORS.



AFTER THE FATAL FIRE IN THE GLASGOW PLEASURE-STEAMER "GRENADIER," IN WHICH THREE LIVES WERE LOST: THE VESSEL HALF-SUBMERGED ALONGSIDE THE PIER AT OBAN.

Conway Castle formed a splendid background for the pageant and tattoo held (from September 12 to 17) to celebrate the centenary of the opening of Telford's suspension bridge (illustrated in our issue of September 3) connecting the Castle precincts with the opposite shore. The pageant was given in a great natural arena beneath the Castle walls. Lord Mostyn arranged to open it on the first day, and the openers for the succeeding days were Lord Aberconway, Lord Kenyon, Lord Colwyn, and the Bishop of Bangor. Dame Margaret Lloyd George arranged to open a pageant play given inside the Castle.—Greyhound-racing at the White City has attained a popularity beyond all expectations, and for three nights a week draws an average crowd of 75,000 people to Shepherd's Bush. An amusing incident occurred the other day just after the final of the White City Gold Cup. The electric hare missed the points and,



THE "GRENADIER" ON FIRE: A DISASTER THAT OCCURRED DURING THE NIGHT WHILE THE VESSEL WAS MOORED IN THE HARBOUR AT OBAN, THREE MEN BEING TRAPPED IN THE FORECASTLE.



THE "GRENADIER" AS SHE WAS BEFORE THE FIRE: THE SHIP IN WHICH CAPTAIN MCARTHUR (ADVISORY OFFICER TO THE SKIPPER) AND TWO OTHER MEN LOST THEIR LIVES.

instead of returning to its shelter, began another circuit, whereupon all the dogs gave chase and caught up with it, and a general fight was only prevented by the intervention of trainers and officials.—Fire broke out in the Glasgow pleasure-steamer "Grenadier," about 1 a.m. on September 6, as she lay at her moorings in harbour at Oban, where she had arrived the previous evening from Iona. When the fire brigade arrived the ship was blazing almost from end to end, and three men were trapped in the forecabin. Though firemen and volunteers went on board and tried to rescue them by smashing a way through the bulkhead, they were driven back by the flames, and it was only possible to pour water on the ship from the quay. One of the three who lost their lives was Captain Archibald McArthur, aged seventy-five, who was acting as advisory officer to the skipper.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Duchess in Glasgow.

Glasgow is looking forward eagerly to the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York next week, when the Duchess is to open a Health Exhibition in the Kelvin Hall, and to receive the Freedom of the City.



ENGAGED TO CAPT. C. T. H. REAVELEY: MISS PSYCHE HOPE LE MESURIER. Miss Psyche Hope Le Mesurier is the daughter of Mr. H. B. and Mrs. Le Mesurier, and her marriage to Captain Reavely will take place on the 24th inst. at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Captain Reavely is well known on the operatic stage at "Carlo di Rivoli."

During their visit they will be the guests of Lord and Lady Blythswood at Blythswood, a great house with many royal memories. Queen Victoria visited it nearly forty years ago, and many other members of the Royal Family have stayed there. This will be an interesting visit, for so many things have happened since the Duke and Duchess were the guests of Lord Blythswood at his Welsh home, Penrice Castle, more than a year ago. It was some months after that, that Lord Blythswood's only child, the Hon. Olive Campbell, became engaged to a son of Lord Methuen, and when the marriage took place in February, the Duke and Duchess were on the other side of the world.

An Abbey Wedding.

Lord Stamford's sister, Lady Jane Grey, whose engagement to the Rev. Peveril Turnbull was recently announced, is to be married at the end of this month, and the Bishop of London is to officiate. She has chosen to be married in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and that fact in itself would make the occasion interesting, for the beautiful chapel is very rarely used nowadays for weddings. Lady Jane Grey is descended from the ancestors of the ill-fated young girl who bore the same name centuries ago. She must have been rather surprised to read the other day that she was actually descended from poor little Lady Jane; but we cannot all remember our history with strict accuracy.

September is not a favourite month for weddings, but several of social note are already announced for October. On Oct. 18 the beautiful Miss Kitty Kinloch, the younger daughter of Brigadier-General Sir David and Lady Kinloch, is to marry Lord Brownlow at St. Margaret's; and the next day is fixed for the marriage of Lord Teynham's elder son, the Hon. Christopher Roper-Curzon, to Miss Elspeth Whitaker, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Lord Vivian's family has been so closely associated with the Court that the Royal Family is almost sure to be represented at the wedding on Oct. 27 of his daughter Daphne to Lord Weymouth, the son of the Marquess of Bath.

Lady Carisbrooke, such ill-luck this year with her prolonged illness and series of operations that she has never been able to carry out the plan she and

Lord Carisbrooke had made for a visit to Egypt. But they have spent some time in Spain as guests of the King and of Lord Carisbrooke's sister, Queen Victoria, and have been for a fortnight in France. When they were on the Riviera they spent some days with Mrs. Spears, the novelist, who writes under the name of Mary Borden. Mrs. Spears is an American, and her best-known novel, "Jane—Our Stranger," gives one an idea that she is rather remote from workaday life; but when her husband, Brigadier-General Spears, contested the exciting bye-election at Bosworth some months ago, Mrs. Spears took a very active part in his campaign.

A Cruising Holiday.

Lord and Lady Ormonde and Lord and Lady Northbrook are among the many well-known people who have gone cruising in the Mediterranean on one or other of the big liners that become pleasure-ships at this time of year. There is no more delightful way of combining a restful holiday with a good deal of sight-seeing, and if one wishes for exertion there are always excursions from the ports touched at that would satisfy the most energetic. At Algiers, for instance, the passengers can spend the hours on shore happily enough exploring the Arab quarter and the bazaars, or they can pack themselves into cars and dash away to the foot of the Atlas Mountains. From Naples they can motor to Amalfi, or they can, in a remarkably short time, see the crater of Vesuvius. One of the great charms of cruising in this way is that there is no bother about luggage at the ports; no need to do more than dress for the street, and remember to take an umbrella ashore. For those who want to be amused there is plenty of diversion on board between the ports, and lazy people can read in quiet, or stare at the frocks.

Women and the League.

Geneva is becoming a great meeting place for the women of many nations. The conference of prominent women from many countries over which Lady Aberdeen presided last June attracted more attention than the informal meetings that are taking place this month, but it was not more significant. No one in London has any clear idea of the number of women who have gone from England to see something of the Assembly; but there must be a great many, for one is always hearing of well-known women who are there privately or as representatives of their organisations. Some of them, like Lady Rhondda, who has been enjoying the sunshine on the Riviera, have arranged their holidays with a view to spending a

Lady Gladstone, who has for years done a great deal of work for the League of Nations Union, will attend some sessions of the assembly, and will then go on to Bulgaria to a conference of the League of Nations societies at Sofia.

A King Incognito.

As a rule, when a king travels incognito, the country visited knows pretty well where he is, though the people respect his wish to be free from official formality. But very few people here had any idea that King Boris, the bachelor King of Bulgaria, who was known to be enjoying a private holiday, and perhaps searching romantically for a bride, was visiting friends in Scotland. He has been the guest of Sir Alexander Kay Muir and Lady Muir at their home near Stirling. Sir Alexander Muir is a brother of Lady Hamilton, Sir Ian Hamilton's wife. Lady Muir, whom he married three years ago, is a beautiful and distinguished woman, with the uncommon name of Nadejda. She is the eldest daughter of M. Demitri Stancioff, who was at that time Bulgarian Minister in London. Englishwomen were specially interested in her, as one of the first European women to hold a post in the Diplomatic Service. She had been Secretary to the Premier of Bulgaria, and was then appointed First Secretary to the Bulgarian Legation in Washington. She has also acted as interpreter at the Assembly of the League of Nations, for she speaks at least seven languages. The secret of King Boris's visit only became known when he went with his host and hostess to Stirling Castle. There was much in that storied castle to interest him, but he must have especially enjoyed hearing about the "Guidman of Ballangeich," James V., who used to disguise himself, leave his royal apartments by a secret door, and amuse himself among his unsuspecting people.



HOSTESS TO KING BORIS OF BULGARIA: LADY MUIR.



MEDIAEVAL DRESSES AT BATTLE ABBEY: THE HARBORD-WEBSTER WEDDING.

Fourteenth-century dresses were worn by the bride and bridesmaids at the wedding of Evelyn, younger daughter of the late Sir Augustus and Lady Webster, of Battle Abbey, and Mr. Charles Robert Harbord, eldest son of Colonel-Commandant Cyril Rodney Harbord and Mrs. Harbord, of London. The bride wore a dress of fourteenth-century style, and a white-and-silver head-dress with an old family wedding veil. Twelve bridesmaids and three train-bearers wore fourteenth-century dresses.

few days at Geneva on their way home. Mrs. Corbett Ashby, president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, which has set up its international headquarters at Geneva, is there with some of the other officers. Many women will be attending a conference of private societies concerned with the protection of migrant women and children.

minds to send any woman delegate. Perhaps their womenfolk are not so determined to be represented as the Australian women are. Thirty nominations for the position were sent in by different women's societies in Australia, so Mrs. Moss, the delegate, who has been sent, can feel that her selection is a special honour. She was prominent in the suffrage movement out there many years ago.

Dame Edith Lyttelton.

For the third time, Dame Edith Lyttelton has gone to Geneva as a substitute delegate with the British delegation to the League. Some of the other nations have sent the same woman year after year. England has sent several different women, but it is evidently recognised now that a delegate who understands the methods of Geneva can do the best work.

Curiously enough, with the exception of Australia, our Dominions have not been able to make up their

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Fashions & Fancies

THE FRONT LINE OF FASHION HAS STRAYED TO THE SIDE, WHERE DRAPERIES, GATHERS, AND TUCKS CLUSTER BOLDLY IN ONE SPOT, DIPPING UNEVENLY TO THE HEM.

The Side Swing of the Pendulum.

At last there really seems to be some change in silhouette, and consequently the new fashions are more interesting than they have been for several seasons. The pendulum has swung to one side with a vengeance, and the most significant silhouette of the autumn is the movement to the side. Trimmings, draperies, flounces are all gathered to one side, leaving the other perfectly plain and straight. The draped frock is therefore much in evidence, the fulness taken to one hip and then falling in godets longer than the rest of the skirt. Where the back is straight in line, as in the majority of these cases, the monotony is broken by a long, straight drapery falling down the middle of the back, or a small, pointed cape, stitched down flatly in the centre. In day frocks there are fewer draperies and tucks, but the importance of the side is again emphasised by means of sudden stripes or a line of buttons.

The Hem-Line is Uneven.

Whatever the type of evening frock, it seems that the uneven hem rules indiscriminately, carried out in hosts of subtle ways. The most usual, perhaps, is the very full skirt springing from a tight-fitting bodice cut in points, the skirt dipping and rising in the same way. Then there is the semi-crinoline frock, with the skirt quite short in front, and dipping to the ankles at the back, while the deep, transparent hem over a short underslip plays also an important part. But many of the models recently arrived from Paris carry out the same theme in more intricate ways. One lovely creation in black ring velvet has a long, tight-fitting bodice cut in a point front and back, well below the waist, and from this falls a flounce whose fulness is quite invisible until the wearer is in motion.

Shawls in Varied Shapes.

Over the long frocks, especially those with very full skirts, evening coats are worn with difficulty, and, consequently, shawl-like wraps have been created to accompany them. Large shawls of brocade and exquisitely printed silks are heavily fringed and are manipulated so that they look rather like Chinese coats, the square end over the shoulders and arms, and the lower half held together round the waist, following the line of the dress. Some of these square-shaped shawls are made with a double top, cut like a pointed cape, and also edged with fringe. For the more chilly evenings, there are shawls lined with the new ring velvet, which is warm, although almost as light as georgette. Beautiful colour schemes are carried out in this way. A shawl of silver lamé, for instance, embroidered with tall lilies in gold, is lined with black velvet, and for more youthful dance frocks there are shawls of this supple velvet in delicate shades, lightly embroidered with silk flowers and fringed with chenille.

Hats of Felt and Velvet.

There is always an infinite choice of attractive hats to be found at Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., and sketched on this page is a characteristic group of their latest models. At the top is a navy velour with a pleated, coronet-shaped brim (price 47s. 9d.), and below comes a beige felt, decorated with poker-work in a rose design. This is obtainable for 35s. 9d., and next is a simple little stitched felt for sports, costing 23s. 9d. The small hat with the turned-up brim is expressed in gold-and-black embroidery, banded with red petersham (55s.), and the wide-brimmed affair below, of felt in beige and nigger, is only 27s. 9d. Last of all comes a fascinating little skull-cap shape, carried out in reversible velour, in beige and brown, price 63s. There are numbers of delightful hats such as these in velour, felt, and velvet, and everyone who is unable to pay a personal visit should write for the brochure of autumn hats, which will be sent post free on request.

Frocks for Autumn Afternoons.

Frocks for wearing under the long coats which chilly weather demands are always one of the first essentials in the autumn wardrobe. Three pretty and practical dresses are pictured on this page, a trio of new models which may be found at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W., Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street, S.W. At the top is a well-cut frock in blue wool Jorgia, a new wool georgette, and the price is 6 guineas. Printed crêpe georgette has been chosen for the pretty frock with a tiered skirt, which is available for the same amount; and below is a simple dress of red Mediana, costing 4 guineas, completed with a black silk tie. There are many simple, well-tailored coat frocks in various styles and materials available for 55s. 9d., and others of silk crêpe-de-Chine are 98s. 6d. It must not be forgotten that this firm specialise in perfectly cut overblouses, and those in spun silk range from 25s. 9d. A silk suède waistcoat, which is ideal for sports wear at this season, can be obtained for 29s. 6d., available in many lovely colours.

Liberty Velveteen.

Velvet is again very fashionable this autumn, and for those whose pockets are rather limited the famous Liberty velveteen offers a happy substitute. The richness, beautiful colourings, and suppleness of this fabric render it admirable for the frocks, coats, and trimmings which are so much in vogue. The price is 8s. 11d. a yard, 26 in. wide, and pattern-books will be sent post free to all readers who apply to this firm's Regent Street house.

The attractive autumn hats on the left are new models from Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. At the top is a navy velours; then a poker-work felt, and a stitched felt; the fourth is embroidery and petersham; and felt and velour express the remaining two. The pretty afternoon dresses were sketched at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W., and are carried out in blue wool Jorgia, printed crêpe-de-Chine, and red Mediana respectively.



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As we drive out to tea—
If the brand is the right one
I jump on her knee.
And while, sleek and contented,
She *rolls* in her Royce,
I blissfully snuffle
‘Abdullas for Choice’.”

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE PERFECT GERMAN COMPOSER.

SINCE I last wrote I have received a copy of a book, "The Heritage of Music," published by the Oxford University Press, which consists of eleven studies of great composers, from Palestrina to Maurice Ravel, by different writers. I myself contributed the article on Mozart, so I naturally did not read that; but I turned to the article on Brahms by Mr. Cecil Gray, and I was interested to find that Mr. Gray—who is one of the most acute of our English critics—is of my opinion about Brahms, and lays stress upon the essentially romantic character of Brahms's music. He declares that Brahms's friends misled him into thinking he was a classical composer:

"There is little doubt that the Schumann article and the subsequent von Bulow formula of the three B's (Bach, Beethoven, Brahms) exercised a disastrous influence on Brahms himself, and gave him a quite wrong idea of the real nature of his own talents, of the direction where his real strength lay. He was perpetually trying to live up to a false ideal. He is like a man grappling with a task beyond his powers."

Mr. Gray goes on to say that this is why so many of Brahms's works make such a curious impression upon the listener, and he compares this impression with what we experience in the type of dream "in which we are continually trying to run away from something, but in spite of our

desperate efforts, only get slower and slower until, in the end, we are crawling on our knees." This is another and a more psychological way of expressing what I said in my last article in these columns—that as soon as Brahms attempts the heroic or the sublime, he becomes short of breath, and his music ceases to flow. Now let us put by this a description

of Brahms as a young man of the age of twenty: "He was shy and retiring, modest and timid, of delicate appearance, with blue eyes and fair hair and a voice like a girl, still unbroken, and a face like a child which a young girl could kiss without blushing." Does not this accord with what I have insisted upon as the essentially lyrical and sentimental character of his music? Mr. Gray puts the emphasis upon the word "romantic," and looks upon Brahms as essentially a romantic composer. I prefer to reserve the word "romantic" for a specific quality of the imagination which I believe goes together with greater virility than Brahms had (Beethoven, for example, is the romantic composer *par excellence*), therefore I prefer to use the description "sentimental." To me Brahms is the most sentimental of all great composers; and one does not need to be a follower of Freud to see a fundamental relationship between Brahms's girlishness and his *impotence* (I use the word advisedly) in creating vital symphonic structure. Brahms is a worker in mosaic, and his large-scale works are put together with the exquisite taste of a consummate artist whose sensibility is greater than his creative vitality.

I have already pointed out the curious fact that the best movements of all his symphonies are the lyrical movements. I instanced the superiority of the middle movements, the Andante and Allegretto of his first symphony to the rest of the work. Mr. Gray sees in the first movement of this symphony "a restless and sombre straining after something just out of

[Continued overleaf.]



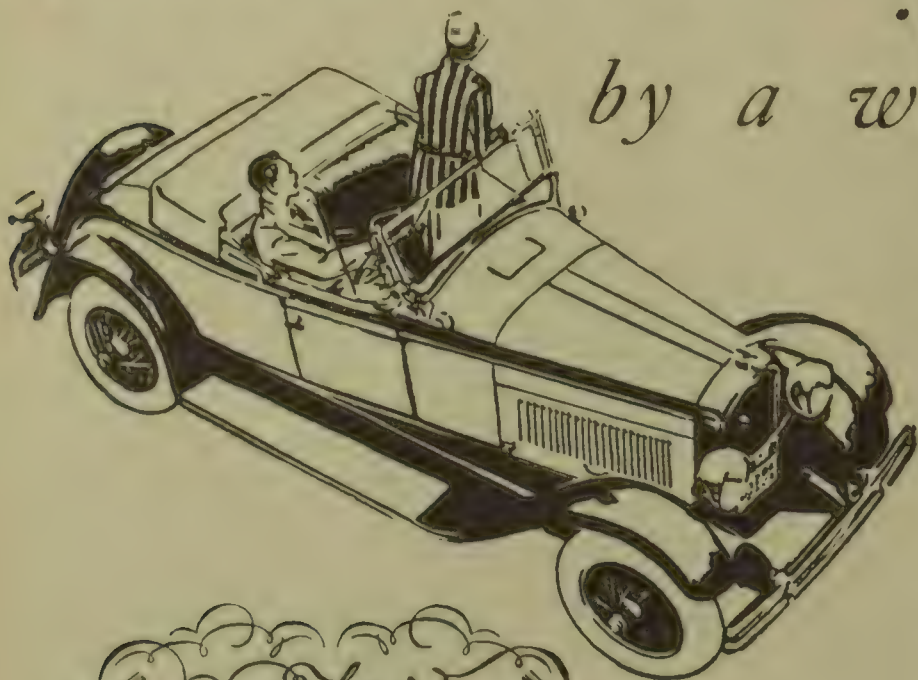
THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR UNVEILS THE SCOTTISH-AMERICAN WAR MEMORIAL IN EDINBURGH: MR. A. B. HOUGHTON SPEAKING BEFORE THE FIGURE OF A KILTED HIGHLANDER GAZING TOWARDS THE CASTLE.

Mr. A. B. Houghton, the United States Ambassador, received the Freedom of Edinburgh on September 7, when he unveiled the War Memorial erected in Princes Street Gardens as a tribute to Scottish soldiers by men of Scottish blood and sympathies in America. The monument, which is the work of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, of Philadelphia, stands directly opposite Edinburgh Castle. The centre-piece is a figure of a kilted youth with a rifle starting up to answer the call to arms. He is gazing towards the Castle. Behind is a 25-ft. frieze showing recruits, headed by a pipe band, flocking to the colours.

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(Continued.)

reach"—surely a significant expression when one considers that it conveys the direct impression made on Mr. Gray by the music, and is not an interpretation made in the light of my theory about Brahms. But Mr. Gray is struck with the contrast between the description of Brahms as a young man which I have already quoted and the later accounts of him as a *senex promissa barba* of "coarse and rough appearance, with his harsh voice and rude behaviour, who was in the habit of eating a whole tin of sardines with his fingers and pouring the oil down his throat."

He explains this by saying that Brahms was an example of "dual personality," like the hero of a story by Mr. Aldous Huxley of a young man "normally fastidious and intellectual," who is at times "possessed by the personality of a popular lady novelist," and goes on to say that this Jekyll and Hyde trait is characteristically German: "Germany is the Jekyll and Hyde among nations, and every German is to some extent a microcosm reproducing in himself the duality of his race." A simple fact will destroy this theory—the fact of Beethoven; and if Beethoven's partly Flemish ancestry excludes him, I will instance another fact, John Sebastian Bach. There is none of this combination of languishing girlishness with gruff assertiveness and aggressiveness, nothing of the senti mental bully in Bach; so that every German is not a microcosm of the Teutonic Jekyll and Hyde.

But if Mr. Gray had contented himself with asserting that Germany contained a greater proportion of individuals of this type than any other European nation, and derived its national character from this fact, then I think we might agree with him. It is more scientific to describe Germany by the temperament of the Germans than to explain one individual German by reference to some abstract Jekyll and Hyde entity called "Germany." I think we shall find also that, instead of describing Brahms as a dual personality, we shall be much nearer the truth if we think of Brahms as an example of a definite type whose inner impotence and over-ripe sensibility masks itself under a harsh, aggressive, and often hirsute exterior. The most potent and forceful artists, those of greatest vitality and

intellectual vigour, are always exceedingly harmonious, and never give the impression of a split personality. As a consequence of this harmoniousness, they do

neither aggressive nor timid; and, in a word, neither "masculine" nor "feminine" in appearance. The extreme "feminine" or "masculine" exterior always has a compensating antithetical interior. The men who look extremely masculine have always feminine spirits, and *vice versa*. The finest types of artists—and I should say necessarily the finest types of man also—are those in which all the elements are inextricably and harmoniously blended into one unity. It is this unity which gives them their value. We never find these evidences of a split personality in works of Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart, just as we do not find it in the men themselves. Here we can see the real meaning of integrity. What impresses us so deeply in the music of the greatest masters is this integrity, and it is by virtue of this integrity that we feel them to be really great, and not merely talented men.

No doubt Brahms made an effort to attain unity: the struggle is evident throughout his music, and his merit as a composer rests largely upon this unremitting struggle. No man ever laboured more painstakingly to make good his deficiencies, and the degree of success he attained is shown by the way in which he imposed himself upon so many of his contemporaries, and upon succeeding generations of critics, as almost a second Beethoven; or at least a classical composer and a master of construction.

It is in design, composition, or construction that the greatest artistic vitality is shown. It is the ability of Beethoven to conceive and execute designs of great power and splendour, and to fill those designs with life, that gives him his supreme place as a musician. In the mere ornament of his works he is markedly inferior in fertility to Brahms, but Brahms makes up by his ornament what he lacks in design. One of the few works in which Brahms surpasses his usual limitations is in his third symphony. Even here, the two middle movements, which are essentially lyrical and full of rich harmonic ornamentation, are the best. Nevertheless, in the first and last movements he sweeps along in a higher and more sustained rhythmic flight than is customary with him. But even here the attentive ear may discern the lack of that natural and spontaneous exaltation which was Beethoven's.

W. J. TURNER.



THE SCENE OF A LONDON FIRE IN WHICH FOUR YOUNG WOMEN LOST THEIR LIVES: FIREMEN PLAYING A HOSE ON THE BURNT FILM FACTORY IN CAMDEN TOWN.

A young married woman and three girls were burned to death, on September 9, in a fire at a small factory for treating old cinematograph films, close to Albany Street, Camden Town. The inflammable character of the materials, consisting of quantities of old films, caused the flames to spread with great rapidity, and there was also an explosion. A number of other people in the building and those adjoining had narrow escapes, and two men were seriously injured.

not run to physical extremes. They are usually well proportioned, neither over-hirsute nor hairless,

natural and spontaneous exaltation which was Beethoven's.

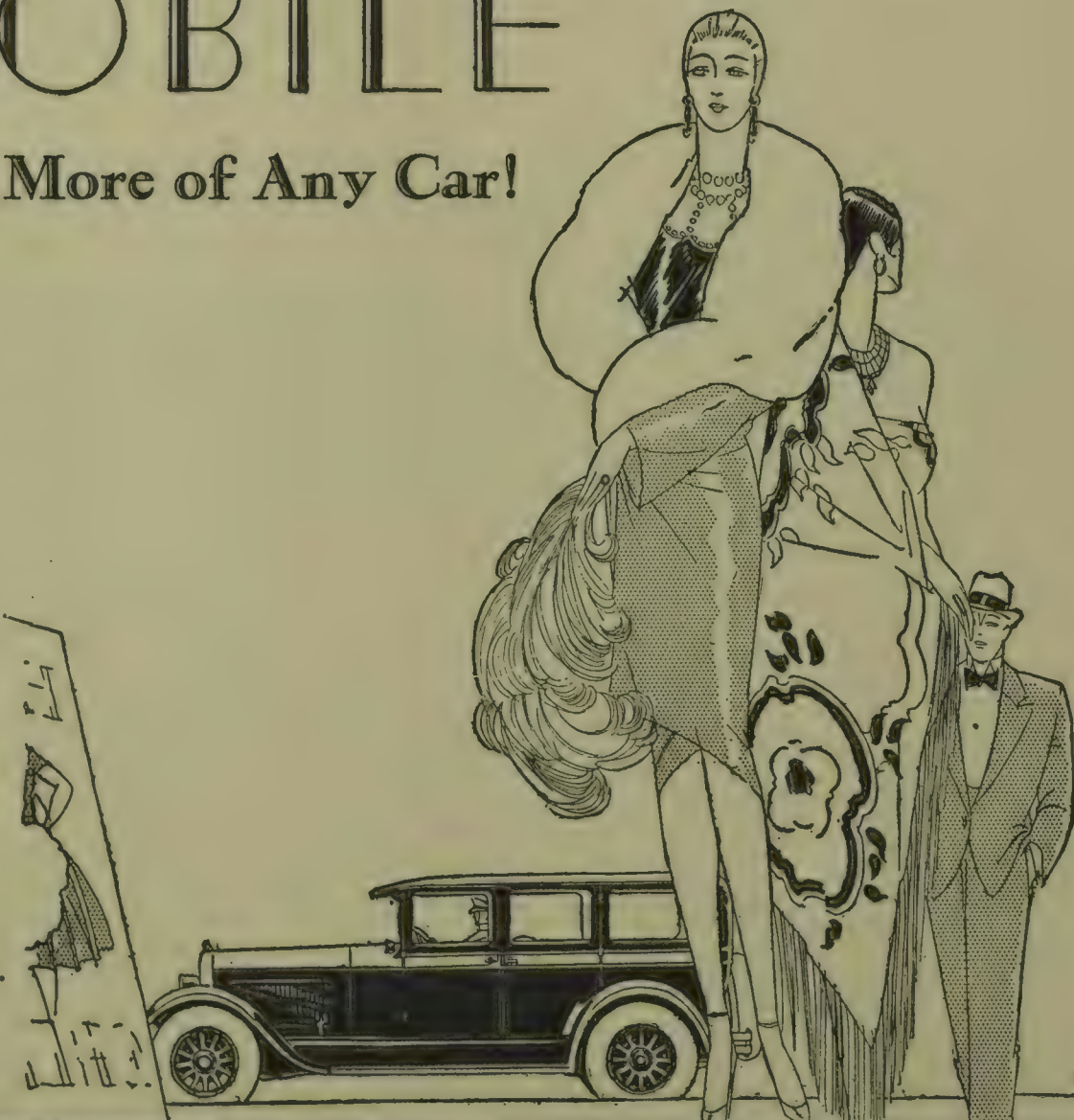
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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 150.)

into the teeming jungles of Siam and came forth again rather the worse for wear, with tales of danger which we can well believe, and with this wonderful film completed, but giving, so far, no indication of how their most sensational "shots" were achieved. It is obvious that a hunter's "cache," such as we have seen in many travel films, must have served them most of the time. Such a "cache" takes the shape of the natural vegetation or formation of the ground, and often a growing bush or living rock are artificially augmented to provide a shield for the operator. Sometimes a tree-trunk is constructed which will hold the operator snugly hidden, leaving a small aperture for the camera-lens. As regards the blood-curdling "shots" of leaping tiger and charging elephant, which the spectator sees as though he lay prostrate before their attack, they were no doubt managed in the same manner as were some of the angles of vision in the famous chariot-race of "Ben Hur." A pit is dug deep enough to hold the camera and tripod together with the operator. This is securely covered, leaving a square of thick plate glass through which the shots are taken. It must be remembered that this aperture need be no larger than six inches square, so that the chances are ten to one against anything coming into direct contact with so small a surface. The position of this glass and its angle must be skilfully devised according to conditions of light, the position of the sun, and,

where the filming of wild animals is concerned, the probable path of the "subject." There is yet another device that may have helped the producers. A very small camera, about eight inches over all, and containing 200 feet of film against the usual 400, is worked by a motor. It may be set going or stopped by the simple means of pressing a button. It is of no use for trick work, but for short shots at a normal speed it proves invaluable under conditions where the ordinary camera and tripod are impracticable; but it requires the actual presence and manipulation of the operator. So that, when all is said and done, such films as "Chang" demand an abundance of daring and courage, as well as weeks of close observation and a dogged determination to succeed against all odds. When, in addition, we find genuine artistic vision, there is every reason to rejoice in the progress of cinematography.

"THE SOMME"; A NEW ERA FILM.

In undertaking the reconstruction of the Somme campaign, Mr. M. A. Wetherell, the producer, was faced with a tremendously difficult task. Here was no concise chapter of modern warfare, confined to a comparatively small area and growing steadily in dramatic intensity to a definite conclusion. Any record dealing with the Somme was bound to embrace a wide field of activity and to bring into a uniform whole the operations of several sections of the Empire's armies. Mr. Wetherell has recognised the exigencies of his big canvas. He has, obviously, aimed at bringing home to us and to future generations the grit, the dogged determination, the

endurance that helped our men to hold on and to hold out in the face of great odds, gaining their ground inch by inch, driven back only to rally again, and waiting, between the big offensives, in the nightmare of the mud-invaded trenches, with cheery stoicism. To my mind, the producer's restraint, his very avoidance of flamboyant drama, his simple statements of individual achievement, lend to this picture of the Somme campaign a poignant and very memorable reality. It is so sincerely felt and so well balanced that the spectator is gradually drawn right into the ranks of these grimly patient fighting men. So much indeed that the indescribable minutes before the "zero" hour is reached, and the tension is broken by a desperate scramble "over the top," become to the spectator in the stalls moments of almost intolerable suspense. Even the repetition of many scenes—trench scenes, the horrible, raking fire of the machine-guns, the still more horrible entanglements of barbed wire—serve to bring home to one the overwhelming sameness of battle, the foregone conclusions that sap a man's courage even before the actual demand on it is made.

Only a few instances of personal heroism are vouchsafed, and these arise quite naturally out of the whole scheme of the film—a scheme in which the assistance of that able writer, Boyd Cable, must have been of great value to the producer. Step by step, inch by inch, the front line pushes forward, and the maps which intersperse the action help us to realise how the advance was made, what heights of heroism were reached to gain a mile or so of mud. The chronicle culminates in the dramatically sudden

appearance of the tanks, those modern Juggernauts, looming up out of the mists to crush down everything that comes in their path, trenches, gun-shelters, barbed-wire hedges, with a ponderous and terrible majesty. They seem to possess life and volition of their own, and to possess a cunning that no human brain can counter. Mr. Wetherell's imagination has leaped to the inspiration of these new instruments of destruction. He has found in them a fitting climax to the very human, very convincing document he has contributed to the screen-history of the Great War.

MR. LONSDALE'S "HIGH ROAD," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

A Lonsdale play always gives us good fun. No author is more ingenious in devising quaint characters and making them amuse us at once in their talk. It is a pleasure to be catered for by a playwright who is a wit and a humourist as well as a deft craftsman. His stories, to be sure, are not to be taken too seriously, any more than his portraits of "our old nobility." So the plot of "The High Road," in which he ventures to end a lively entertainment on almost a sad note, does not bear close scrutiny. It is better to enjoy the repartee and ridiculous behaviour of the group of peers and noble dames into which Elsie Hilary, the actress, like a certain Rose Trelawny, is plunged than to put much feeling into any concern about her love-affairs. Will she or will she not marry the youngish Duke who is head of this family of many titles, and, until he met her, was entangled with a married woman? Will she or will she not make sacrifice of her heart, when the married woman becomes free, and send the Duke to Paris to do the right thing? These are the topics of the more sentimental side of Mr. Lonsdale's scheme. Who cares really how these problems are solved, apart from the fact that Miss Cicely Byrne and Mr. Ian Hunter, in settling them somewhat artificially, are given some pretty scenes to act. It is the comic types that hold our attention. What matters is that Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Alfred Drayton, and Miss Gertrude Kingston have droll things to say and do; watch Mr. Kerr, for instance, as an old curmudgeon, suddenly discovering the charm of cocktails—his every look and gesture is a joy. It is also worth noting that Mr. Lonsdale here—surely for the first time on our stage—exploits wireless in order to announce a piece of news, securing an extremely effective situation.

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and week in and week out you can enjoy
Bird's Custard with stewed fresh fruit.

The dish looks so good! — the golden Bird's
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

NEW COACHWORK.

IF there is one part of the next Motor Show to which the majority of people are looking forward more than another, it is the new coachwork which we are promised. We are to have all sorts of improvements, so I hear—and hope. Closed cars



MOTORING AMID DELIGHTFUL ENGLISH SCENERY:
A HUMBER "SIX" AT ILAM HALL, ON THE BORDER
OF DERBYSHIRE AND STAFFORDSHIRE.

are to be more closed than ever, so far as draughts and leakages are concerned. They are to be more luxurious and more roomy and not so stuffy, and more easily seen out of, and (rather difficult to believe) more comfortable to get into and out of.

For my part, though I take little personal interest in saloons when I am expected to drive them, I am genuinely glad to believe that 1928 may see the last, or nearly the last, of the coach-built body. It is an anachronism, and we shall be very well rid of it. It served its purpose indifferently well when there was nothing else, but it was never anything but an appalling nuisance to maintain in decent

appearance. It is heavy, it creaks, and it rattles. It is expensive to build decently, and clumsy when it is finished. Everything about it, in its construction, is just what we should not have in a motor-car.

The fabric saloon was hideous in its infancy to our eyes, but really only in fancy. It was square-built and clumsy-looking, roughly finished, and, therefore, a dragged goose beside the swan-like limousine in Pall Mall—but it was the first sign of sanity in closed motor coachwork. We owe a great deal, and we shall owe a great deal more, to the man who first designed this type of body. It is not only that much weight is saved and many rattles and squeaks, but that the whole idea of the design lends itself to almost ceaseless improvement. That is, the basis of the scheme is founded on common sense, while that of the coach-built body is not. So far, we have got practically nothing but closed bodies built of the flexible fabric-covered kind, but I have every hope that before long we shall see this system further extended to open bodies.

That, I think, is one of the promises of next year's motoring—a larger number of properly constructed closed cars, with possibly one or two open ones. Last year one of the novelties at Olympia was a car with a sliding roof, and I understand that at the forthcoming Show there will be several of what have already been christened Sunshine saloons. There will be probably different methods adopted to achieve the same end, but the end will be what has always really been the ambition of every sensible not-too-rich English motorist—the real, undoubted, all-season motor-car. We want, and we shall eventually get, at a moderate price, a motor body which is really equally successful in both its open and shut form, and really does serve two purposes.

I saw one form of the Sunshine saloon the other day which I liked particularly. It had a hood-like

roof which folded back very neatly, much as an ordinary hood does, leaving the glass windows standing in place, if necessary. I was not able to discover the designer or builder, but from the brief inspection I was able to make I was convinced that he knew his job rather better than most people. It is anything but easy to bring about a successful compromise of this kind, and this car was remarkably successful in being a closed car as well as an open car, and exactly resembling both.

Then there is a really interesting new experiment being tried in the car known as the Observation. Perhaps "experiment" is not exactly the word to use, as the car is in production, and can be bought from Mr. P. Barry, at Eustace Watkins, Ltd., New Bond Street. I call it an experiment because it has yet to prove itself really popular. I had a short drive in this the other day, and I have an idea that if and

(Continued overleaf.)



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THE OUTLOOK, August 27th, 1927

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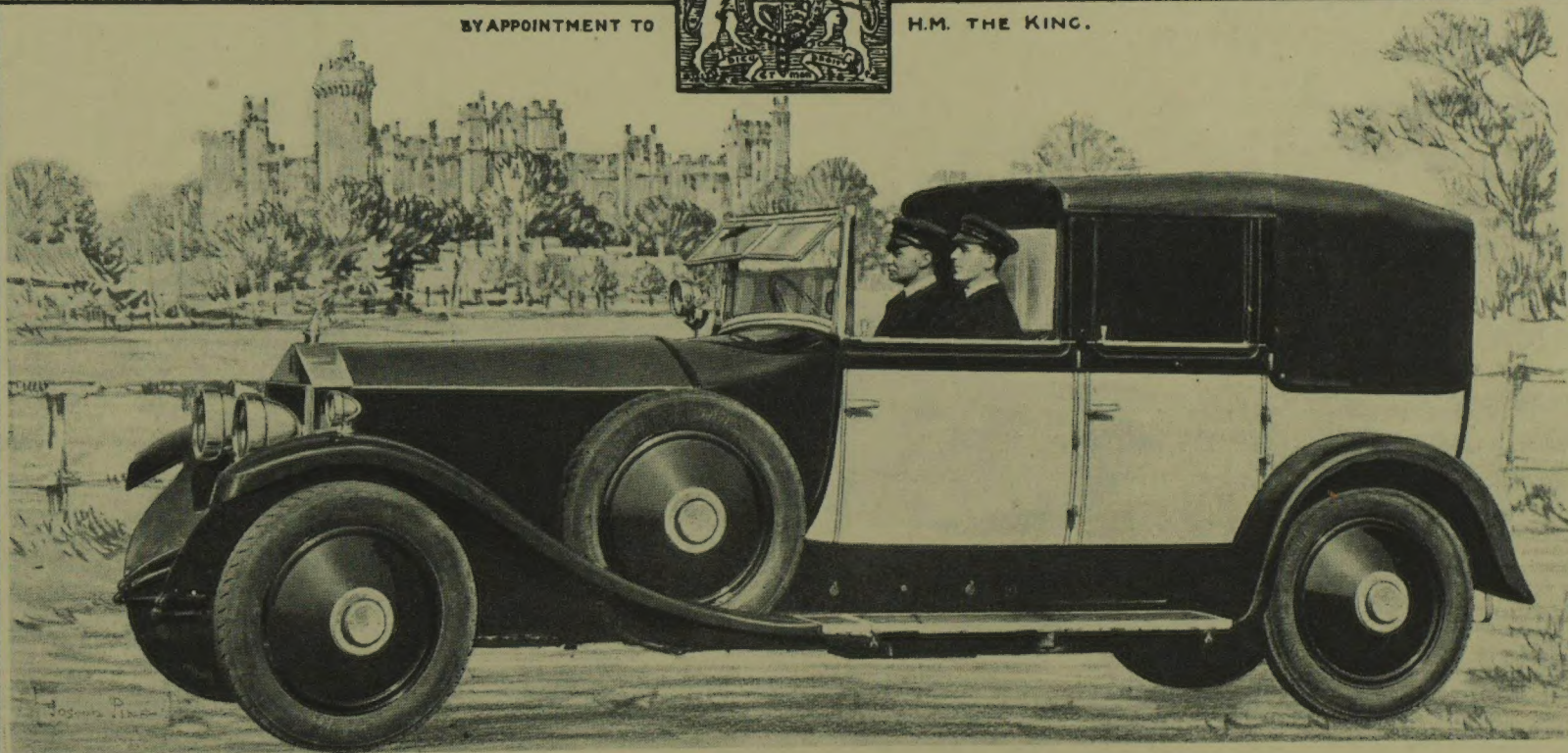
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(Continued.)

when it is supplied at what is called a popular price, it will have an undoubted success. Briefly described, it is a car in which the passengers sit back to back. The front seat is of the normal type, while the back seat, in which two or three passengers can be accommodated according to the size of the car, is placed a good two feet forward of the back axle, the occupants being protected from the weather by folding built aprons like those in a hansom cab, by a special form of over-arching screen, and by the rear half of the hood which protects the driver and his companion. This has, of course, no back panel.

The special screen is of curved glass coming up from the level of the passengers' shoulder-blades, and just short of the tops of their heads (with plenty of clearance), and having two side-wings from the top edge down to the sides of the car. With this screen it is practically impossible, when the car is moving, for the occupants to be touched by rain or to feel any draught or wind, no matter from what direction it may be blowing. It is certainly extremely comfortable, and for touring in mountainous districts it is probably an ideal seat. For you can see considerably more than half of the surrounding scenery, and, by turning slightly sideways, something like three-quarters of it.

As the inventor explains, this arrangement of the seating enables better use to be made of the body space of the chassis. For example, the body is widened out over the wings to over 4½ ft., with the result that, in an average-sized car, six people can sit comfortably on the two seats. On a 20-h.p. chassis a locker capable of holding six suit-cases can be built in the space between the two seat-backs. A saloon form of this body is also built on the same principle, except that the hansom-cab apron disappears, and a more or less normal type of saloon back with a door in it takes its place.

It is certainly an interesting production, and, although it is extremely novel in appearance, it is not in the least ridiculous or uncouth. In fact, the open hansom-cab type has a distinctly sporting appearance. The only criticism I have to make, after a short experience of this body, is that in hot climates, or on a very sunny day in this climate, it would be necessary to have the hood up over the rear passengers, in order to protect them from the effect of the sun-rays striking through the back glass screen. I think there is no doubt that the new coachwork at Olympia in October will be well worth examining.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

WHY DO CIVILISATIONS PASS AWAY.

(Continued from Page 458.)

condition: that its fury and its duration do not exceed certain limits. If war does exceed those limits, if it becomes endemic in a country and an epoch, it is transformed into the scourge of all scourges. No marvel created by the human mind is sure of escaping destruction.

Why is it that so few vestiges of the rich and complex world of the ancients have survived to our own day? Because continual and implacable wars have destroyed all the rest. Only one long period of peace was known to the ancient world: the two first centuries of the Roman Empire. Before and after the short "Pax Romana," history seems to have been an incessant struggle between man's creative energy and the furious destruction of war. Up to the end of the second century of our era, man's creative energy was indefatigable in recommencing its work after the most cruel destructions. From the third century onwards the destructive forces got the upper hand, and the whole of the ancient civilisation fell into ruins.

Why has Europe during the last three centuries never ceased accumulating the products of her work, in agriculture, industry, science, art, and in all intellectual activities? Why has production always increased, while losses and destruction have diminished until they may be said to be insignificant? Because the destructive fury of armed conflicts was checked, before the French Revolution, by the "formalist" conduct of war in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—which the strategists of the nineteenth century have perhaps despised rather too much—and between 1815 and 1914 by the monarchical system and dynastic diplomacy. If the whole world was able to make such marvellous progress between 1815 and 1914, it was because Europe was only troubled during that century by a very short period of wars, which, excepting the last one, were short and did not entail much bloodshed. That is the period of twenty-two years which began with the Revolution of 1848 and ended with the Franco-German War of 1870.

Has that happy condition of affairs been destroyed since 1914? That is the formidable problem which the World War has placed before the world by destroying the monarchical system, which had assured peace on the Continent during a whole century. It is impossible to read M. Barbagallo's book and not think of contemporary Europe. Without having the right to call the other nations barbarians, Europe can still consider herself, among the old civilisations which slumber in Asia and the new ones which are organising themselves in America, to be in the position of Greece in the fifth century before Christ: as the brain of the world, the central home of universal activity and thought. Let us substitute the principal European languages for the dialects of antiquity; the great and little states by which Europe is covered for the small territories of the Greek cities. Let us try and imagine

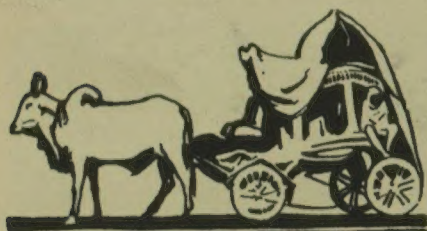
what might happen if all these states, great and small, were to enter upon an interminable struggle for hegemony like the Greek cities of old, but with the means of destruction at man's disposal to-day.

People say glibly that war is eternal in the world; that it began with man, and that it will only end with his disappearance from the planet. That is the great argument employed against the pacifists by the advocates of violence. And it is an argument which is at once true and false, for it takes no account of a necessary distinction. While there have always been wars, they have not all had the same form. War also, like all the arts, continually changes its methods and procedure, and upon those changes depends, in great measure, the beneficent or baneful influence which it can exercise on the development and happiness of an epoch. There are times when war is a scourge and spares nothing, because it is waged by irreconcilable interests and vehement passions, which require the total destruction of the adversary even at the price of their own.

There are other times when war is waged by interests and passions capable of crying halt when the adversaries begin to injure themselves as well as their opponents. It may then be a practical means of solving certain political questions with greater rapidity.

The modern spirit has forgotten too much that "war" is a word, an abstraction; and that in reality only wars exist which vary greatly among themselves. It is perhaps not useless to remind ourselves of this sometimes, even in connection with a book which is a study of war in an epoch of very long ago.

For 162 days from Nov. 12, 1927, to April 22, 1928, the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Australia*—on which the Prince of Wales and Prince George recently journeyed to Canada—will be engaged in a leisurely pleasure cruise around the world of some 36,000 miles. Visits will be paid to places of interest in twenty-two different countries, including Madeira, Morocco, Italy, the Riviera, Egypt, the Holy Land, India, China, Japan, San Francisco, through the Panama Canal, New York, etc. Christmas will be spent in the Holy Land, and New Year's Eve in Cairo. At each port of call there will be a comprehensive programme of sight-seeing, and trips into the interior will be made at several places, all of which are included in the fare for the cruise, which will be under the entire management of the Canadian Pacific throughout. A profusely illustrated book of ninety-six pages may be obtained free on application to the Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.



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RADIO NOTES.

THE daily broadcasts from "5GB, Daventry Experimental" (491.8 metres) are giving much satisfaction to listeners all over the country. In London, a two-valve receiver will reproduce "5GB" at loud-speaker strength, using as an aerial only 15 ft. of bell-wire hung up to the nearest picture-rail—and without an earth connection. The new station is particularly useful to thousands of listeners who at last may choose items from two programmes, either of which may be tuned in easily and without having to change coils. The German high-power station at Langenburg (468 metres) offers a third alternative programme for those listeners who prefer only those stations which may be tuned in without difficulty. Most owners of multi-valve sets should now be able to listen either to the local station, to Daventry, or to Langenburg, simply by turning the controls to the appropriate settings, which, once having been noted, may be returned to with certainty of reception whenever desired during broadcasting periods.

One of the most interesting of the items to be shown at the Radio Exhibition which opens at Olympia, London, on Sept. 24, will be the new "magnetic pick-up," a simple device permitting gramophone records to be reproduced at great strength through one's own loud-speaker. The "pick-up" is attached to the gramophone in place of the usual reproducer, and is connected by wires to either the amplifying side of a multi-valve receiver, or to a two-valve amplifier. The best gramophone records are now electrically recorded, and it would seem that electrical reproduction should afford a good means of hearing them at their best. The General Electric Co., Ltd., will show a three-valve receiving-set which is also adapted for use with a "pick-up" for gramophone reproduction, thus providing entertainment from the loud-speaker not wholly dependent upon broadcasts.

Visitors to the Radio Exhibition will be able to acquire a wealth of knowledge in regard to the latest wireless developments. Better receiving-sets, and components such as valves, condensers, loud-speakers, headphones, and batteries, will be on view, and prices will be considerably cheaper than was the case a year ago. To the radio enthusiast whose home is equipped with electric light, receiving-sets which

work direct from the mains will be of special interest. The Marconiphone Co., Ltd., will show their three-valve receiver, which operates without batteries, and needs only to be connected to the nearest electric-light socket. Only one knob is used for tuning, and stations once noted may be recorded on a scale and tuned-in with accuracy whenever desired. These novel receivers are obtainable for use with either direct or alternating current, or can be had with the usual batteries for use in a house not fitted for electricity.

The two short-wave wireless beam stations at Grimsby and Skegness, built by Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd., for communication with India, have just passed the seven days' official test, and now Great Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and India are linked together by high-speed wireless. The British Empire thus possesses the most complete, up-to-date, and efficient wireless telegraph service in the world. The recent tests with India were undertaken during the monsoon period, and the fact that the Indian stations were able to work for hours on end without interference from atmospheric is testimony to the efficiency of the beam system.

The British transmitting station of the Indian service at Grimsby and the receiving station at Skegness are connected by land-lines to the Central Telegraph Office at the General Post Office, London, where the operation of the beam services is controlled. The Indian transmitting station at Kirkee, and the receiving station at Dhond, both near Poona, are linked by land-lines with the Central Telegraph Office in Bombay. Consequently the British and Indian terminal offices are in immediate touch with each other, and messages placed in the high-speed instruments at the G.P.O., London, are instantaneously recorded at the Bombay office, and vice versa.

In addition to the use of these Empire beam stations for high-speed telegraphy, there is a great possibility that before next year telephone subscribers in Great Britain will be able to speak to telephone subscribers in the Dominions, and in addition there is a prospect of written and printed matter, drawings and photographs, being transmitted as the result of a development by the Marconi Company of a system of facsimile transmission.

"THE MUSIC MASTER," AT THE APOLLO.

THERE are now rival music-masters bidding for sympathy from two London stages. Mr. Guy Bates Post represents the more humorous type at the Little Theatre. Mr. Harry Green gives us a tearful specimen at the Apollo. This second "Music Master," hero of a play written by Charles Klein, undertakes a mission to America from his native Vienna in search of a runaway wife and the little daughter whom she and her lover took away with them sixteen years before the action begins. To his humble garret, where the maestro is attended by three faithful but extremely eccentric admirers, comes a girl pupil, supposed daughter of a millionaire; but it is soon evident to audience, if not to music-master, that this is that lost child of his who once played with a one-eyed doll. The erring wife is dead, but when the two men meet—poor music-master and millionaire scoundrel—how eloquently virtue berates vice can easily be imagined. But the girl is engaged to be married to a scion of American aristocracy; scandal might spoil the match. Must revenge be forgone; must the father keep silence and disappear from the scene? The playwright ordains otherwise. Here is a rather old-fashioned, sentimental story in which Mr. Green, that admirable comedian, ladles out pathos far too copiously. Miss Erin O'Brien-Moore makes a heroine of pleasing aspect, and Miss Isabel Vernon, Miss Anita Kerry, and Mr. Lee Kohlmar score in minor parts.

At the recent Southport Show, Messrs. James Carter and Co., the well-known seed merchants, of Raynes Park, were awarded two large gold medals for their magnificent exhibit of flowers, and a large gold medal for their collection of vegetables.

For Saturday, Sept. 17, an exhibition golf competition has been arranged at Surbiton Golf Club, where the following well-known professionals will be playing: George Duncan (Wentworth G.C.), A. Havers (Coombe Hill G.C.), and Edward Ray (Oxhey G.C.). A medal round will start at 11 a.m., and a four-ball foursome at 2.45. The Club Committee anticipate a large attendance to witness these leading professionals, and are admitting visitors, for the sum of 2s. 6d., as temporary members of the club for the day.

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